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LITTLE PILLS

AN ARMY STORY

BY

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**Being Some Experiences of a United States Army
Medical Officer on the Frontier Nearly
A Half Century Ago**

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FOREWORD

BY R. H. McKAY

This little sketch of army life on the frontier was first written, merely for the pleasure it might bring to my children in looking it over in after years. It remained in the form of a manuscript for that purpose, until some of my friends urged its publication. The merit of the story itself, if it has any, lies in the fact of actual experience, but probably a matter of more importance is to call attention to the wonderful changes that have taken place in the fifty years just passed. The term frontier today would be a misnomer. There is no frontier. The immense areas of wild and waste country that then existed has vanished before the tide of civilization and settlement. The present generation can never realize the vast changes. Possibly this little book may bring to mind, by way of contrast, at least some of the conditions then and now.

LITTLE PILLS

CHAPTER I.

My children have often asked me to write out some of my experience while a medical officer in the United States Army on the frontier, and I have often resolved to do so. But for many years after leaving the service my time was so thoroughly taken up in an effort to make a living and educate the children that my good resolutions received scant attention. Now in my 78th year the apathy of old age is such a handicap, that great effort is required to do things that at one time I could have done cheerfully but did not.

I think my experiences during the Civil War gave me something of a taste for military duty, for when in the summer or early fall of 1868 I noticed that an Army Medical Board was in session at New York, I at once made application to appear before it for examination for a position in the regular service. I was examined in October, 1868, and as the board continued in session for some time afterwards I waited with some anxiety and misgivings as to the result of my examination. I had the impression that the examination would be severe and was doubtful of my ability to pass. In this connection it is proper to say that some had failed in these examinations that afterwards became noted medical men. Among them, I was informed, was Dr. Austin Flint, Sr., whose work on the practice of medicine was standard and considered the best when I was a student. His son, Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., also became famous as our great Physiologist and his work on that subject is standard today. It was not until the following January that I heard from my examination, and was then directed to report at St. Louis to be mustered into the service as Acting Assistant Surgeon in the United States Army. There was necessarily some delay in disposing of the few things we had, some of which we sold and some of which we stored.

Finally everything being disposed of, we left our home in Washington, Iowa, and from there, after a day with friends, took a train for Burlington, thence to Keokuk, where my wife remained visiting relatives, I going on to St. Louis to report.

I was mustered into the service January 29th, 1869, and ordered to report to the Medical Director, Department of the Missouri at Leavenworth, Kansas, for assignment to duty. The Department of the Missouri at the time comprised the States of Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, The Indian Territory, and I think Arkansas.

General Sheridan was the commanding officer of the department at that time. He also had a brother who was a captain and who was also stationed at Leavenworth. Dr. Miles was the Medical Director of the Department and Dr. McGruder was Post Surgeon at Leavenworth. I was on waiting orders at Fort Leavenworth for something over a month during which time I got my first impression of the rank and file of the Regular Army. The officers impressed me as very self important, exceedingly courteous and cordial, and charming in their broad-gauge views of current events and their unreserved candor in discussing all subjects. I must except one subject, however, and that was politics. An army officer is supposed to have no politics, or if he has he keeps them in reserve. Seldom during nearly seven years of my life in the army did I hear politics mentioned. An army officer is supposed to do his duty regardless of who holds political authority over him, and this he does most loyally. The enlisted men impressed me as a clean, attractive and well disciplined body of soldiers. Another thing that impressed me was the absolute separation of the officers and enlisted men. It may be different now but at that time there seemed to be nothing of even a fraternal interest. The officer commanded and the soldier obeyed. In this way they seemed as distinct as oil and water, and it was a rather surprising contrast to the volunteer service during the war, where enlisted men and officers often from the same town and nearly always from the same community fraternized and often addressed each other by their given names; while in the regular service there was nothing of the kind. An officer when passing an enlisted man always received a salute. The men or man standing at attention when giving it and the officer was required to return the salute. The men may be sitting down, say outside of their barracks, and when an officer approaches and gets within a certain distance they all rise at once, stand at attention, and give the salute, and this is the extent of their relations with each other.

The officers mess at Leavenworth was quite a large one, mostly of unmarried men, although there were maybe two or three married couples, and was exceedingly cordial and sociable with each other. Those of the rank of Captain or higher up in rank were always addressed by their military title of Captain or Major, as it might be, but the Lieutenants were addressed as Mister, or by their surnames, as Mr. Jones or simply Jones.

The first of March came and with it came pay-day, a matter that seemed of much interest to the officers. It did not take me long to learn its importance for army officers at that time as a rule literally lived up their salaries. I finally learned that an officer was considered by many other officers as a little off color if he was close-fisted and tried to save money out of his pay. To me it was a matter of importance because I was poor and needed it. I sent most of my first month's pay, after paying mess bill and a few other necessary expenses, to my wife, not keeping enough, as I afterward learned, for an emergency that might arise. Expecting to be ordered to some frontier post, I took the precaution to invest in a pistol, a very ridiculous thing to do, as I now think of it. The further history of that pistol will appear later on in this story.

While at Leavenworth the officers gave a hop. I never knew why it was called a hop instead of a dance, but it was always so designated in the army. Officers came from other places, particularly Fort Riley, among whom was General Custer of cavalry fame during the Civil War, and a noted Indian fighter on the frontier. I watched him with a good deal of interest, for at that time he was a distinguished man in the service, and I must say that I was rather disappointed in his appearance. He seemed to me to be under-sized and slender, and at first blush to be effeminate in appearance. Maybe his long hair, almost reaching to his shoulders, gave this impression, but the face was something of a study and hard to describe. Something of boldness or maybe dash, a quick eye, and he was intensely energetic, giving the impression that he would be a veritable whirlwind in an engagement. He did not convey the idea of a great character. He was a very graceful dancer. His career ended at the famous battle in our Indian warfare, that of the Little Big Horn. Not a man of his command escaped to tell the story.

I think it was about the 8th or 9th of March that I received orders to report to the Chief Medical Officer, District of New Mexico, for assignment to duty. The quartermaster furnished transportation, that is to say, orders to the transportation companies, railroads, stage-lines, etc., to carry the officer to point of destination. This, together with the order of assignment to duty, would carry one wherever the assignment directed. At this time the so-called Kansas-Pacific railroad was built out pretty well towards the west line of the state, but there were no transcontinental lines finished until the following summer. The Union and Central Pacifics joining that year in Utah in July.

I left Fort Leavenworth in the morning and before night was out on the plains. From Leavenworth to Topeka there was some settlement. The towns as I remember them were mere railroad stations, except Lawrence, which was more pretentious, and the scattering farmhouses were small and primitive in style. Topeka seemed to be something of a town, but from there west the country was only partially inhabited. Fort Hayes stood out prominently to the left of the railroad but the whole country seemed one great sea of desolation unlimited in extent. At that time I would not have given ten dollars per square league for what has since become one of the famous wheat fields of the country. The evening of the second day we arrived at a place called Sheridan which was the terminus of the railroad. It was a straggling place of tents and wooden shacks, dance halls, bawdy houses, gambling houses and saloons. Murders were of frequent occurrence and it was considered dangerous to be on the street at night. There was only one street in the town. I started out onthis street about dusk, thinking I had better go to the stage office and arrange for my transportation on to Santa Fe. The landlord happened to notice me and called for me to wait a minute and when he had joined me he inquired where I was going. He said he would go with me as it might not be safe for me to be alone, and told me of a killing in front of the hotel the night before.

My bed that night was on the second story, merely floored, and not plastered or sealed, and the roof slanted down close to the bed. The space between the floor and the edge of the roof was open and I could look down into the saloon. I watched the patrons of this place for some time for it was altogether a new experience. The clinking of glasses; the loud talk; the dim lights; and the thorough abandonment of the motley crowd remains quite vividly in my memory. It finally occurred to me that in the event of a shooting scrape, even there in bed was not a very safe place, so I edged over to the far side of the bed and soon dropped to sleep, not waking until called in the morning.

We got an early start and I had the stage mostly to myself until we crossed the Raton spur of the mountain. The nights were chilly and I was not over-warmly clad, but I managed after the first night to get a fair amount of sleep. I felt some fear of Indians although it was too early in the season for them to go on the war-path. The summer before had been a particularly bad one on the plains. Forsythe's command was almost annihilated in October, 1868, on the Ariskaree Fork of the Republican river, and at every stage station until after we reached Trinidad, Colo., the first salutation between the men at the station and our conductor was whether either had seen any Indians. The apprehension was not that the Indians would go on the war-path at that time of the year, because their ponies could not exist until the grass was well started, but that some of the venturesome young bucks might take it into their heads to attack the stage coach. I peeked out of the coach at night and wondered if there was any probability of Indians attacking us and thought of my pistol, but was not proud of it, or of my ability to use it.

The stage stations were interesting to me. On the plains proper they were uniformly built, underground as far up as the sidewalls extended, and was located near some water hole and at an elevation that would command a view of the surrounding country for some distance. Above the dirt walls large logs were laid, upon which the cross timbers were placed for supporting the roof. These logs were raised from the ground enough, say three or four inches, to give the occupants a good view of the surrounding country, and an opportunity of using their carbines against attack from the Indians, with comparative safety to themselves. The roof was covered with dirt. The stables were built the same way with underground passages or open ditches connected with the station proper. Both station and stable were connected in the same way with the water hole. At these stations on the plains proper, were stationed a small squad of soldiers, maybe a half dozen, under the command of a noncommissioned officer, generally a sergeant, and you can readily see that the Indians would be a little cautious about getting too near such a place although during the summer season they often attacked the stage between stations. The stations were at variable distances apart, depending on the water supply, generally from eight to twenty miles apart, and were supplied by government trains on their way to the military posts of the West. There was not much to attract attention in approaching these stations, no building in sight, no sign of life. The first thing you knew some one would hollow "Hello!" and "Hello!" would come back. "Have you seen any Indians?" and there you are. The last inquiry was natural enough when you consider the near approach of spring, when the grass would be green enough to furnish feed for Indian ponies. Indians would not appear in large numbers at this time of the year, but little roving bands, maybe one or two venturesome bucks might be seen almost daily at a safe distance, evidently spying out the prospects for more serious work later in the season. Of course we got our meals at these stations, consisting generally of bacon, hot corn-bread or biscuit, a vegetable or two, and black coffee. This menus varied some after we crossed the Raton Mountains and were practically out of Indian troubles, when we had a greater variety, and it was better prepared.

We got to Trinidad late at night, the first town after crossing the plains, and located just at the base on the north side of the Raton Range near the Purgatory river. This was a mining town of some importance in those days, and had the usual quota of dance halls, gambling dens and other equipment of a typical mining town.

We got to Dick Wooton's early the following morning and had a good breakfast. His place was located near the top of Raton Pass and consisted at that time of a rambling lot of log buildings; one for a house proper, which was clean, comfortable, and attractive inside, and the others for stables, blacksmith and wagon shops, and in fact anything and everything where repairs to transportation could be made. Dick himself was an attractive personality, was large, quite above the average in sibe, with a cheery open face giving little evidence of the frontier man, and yet he was almost as noted as Kit Carson with whom he was associated as pioneer and scout. Both were noted men on the frontier. Wooton, however, took a more practical view of life than Carson and conceived the idea of building a wagon road over the Raton Pass. This road was completed and I think had been for some time before I crossed the pass. If I remember correctly we crossed a little stream coming down from near the top of the range thirteen times before we came to the top of the pass. Wooton had some kind of permit or authority from the government for building this read and was authorized to make it a toll road. He was reported to have made quite a fortune from the revenue derived from it.

A little place called Cimarron, (which in Spanish means mountain of sheep) or Maxwell's ranch was the next place of interest to me. This is some distance south of the Raton Range, maybe half way from Trinidad to Fort Union. It seemed that Maxwell married a high class Spanish woman whose family owned an immense estate in what was Mexico before it was ceded to the United States. In the division of the estate Maxwell's wife got a grant of many thousands of acres on the head waters of the

Cimarron, a tributary of the Canadian, which I understand was very much reduced as a result of extended litigation with the government as to title. We traveled for miles on what was then called Maxwell's Ranch, where great herds of sheep, cattle and horses were to be seen, with an adobe house here and there, where herders lived. It was a great pleasure to stop even for one meal at such a place as Maxwell's. The house was commodious and hndsomely furnished and everything was prosperous and home-like. Some years later I had the pleasure of acquaintance of a daughter of Mr. Maxwell's who married al ieutenant in the army and we were serving at the same post.

We passed Fort Union in the night and I did not get to see much of it, but I understand it to be only a military post and base of supplies, for the Quarter-Master or Commissary Department of the army for the District of New Mexico.

My first view of Las Vegas (The Meadows, in Spanish) was over a beautiful wide valley, some three or four miles across, through which a pretty little stream of water, the source of the Pecos river, was wending its way. The view was beautiful and the town looked to be a place of importance, but proved to be disappointing on a closer acquaintance.

Not far from Las Vegas we passed what was called the old Pecos church. It was only a little distance from the road and said to have been built in the seventeenth century. It stood alone in its desolation and had partially fallen into decay. The room was off, the walls partly broken down and it looked to be as old as reported.

We arrived in Santa Fe late in the evening and stopped at the hotel or fonda, as it is called in Spanish. At first one feels that he is in a different country; something foreign and out of the usual, and this feeling grows with closer acquaintance. For instance you go direct from the street to your room if your wife is with you, or to a kind of a lobby or sitting room with a bar at one side if alone.

I was thankful that the stage ride was ended. We had been going night and day since leaving the railroad at Sheridan, Kans., a distance of nearly four hundred miles, and although I had the stage to myself most of the way, one passenger got on at Cimarron that I will feel grateful to the balance of my days, and from Fort Union to Santa Fe the coach was crowded all the way. The stage lines in those days had a conductor who went to the end of the route, much as our railroad conductors do today, while the drivers like our engineers, only went to what might be called division points, say twelve-hour trips.

The conductor has charge, and is responsible for the United States mail and the express packages which are carried in what is called the front boot, and where the conductor curls up among the mail sacks and packages and sleeps at night. The back boot is devoted to baggage. Inside there are generally two seats facing each other and wide enough for three persons if not too big, on each seat. The stage coach had a great swinging body resting on two immense leather straps for springs, one on each side underneath and extending from front to back. These flexible springs gave the coach an easy side swing and it was not a particularly unpleasant thing to ride in.

Having arrived in Santa Fe late Saturday evening I did not report until next morning, and about noon an orderly brought to the hotel my orders from the Chief Medical officer directing me to report to the commanding officer at Fort Selden, New Mex., for assignment to duty. This was startling news, for Fort Selden was the last military post before reaching the Mexican border and I had only $2.50 in my pocket and my hotel bill to pay. Being new in the service and something of a tenderfoot I did not want to go to the other officers for help. I left my room and went down to the hotel lobby and among others who were there was the gentleman who got on the stage at Cimarron. We had traveled together from Cimarron to Santa Fe with hardly the exchange of the usual courtesies. I was not a good mixer and he had nothing to say, but my case was very desperate. I had to talk to someone so I asked if he was acquainted in Santa Fe and he said "some." I told him my troubles and that I had a good watch and a good pistol (that pistol was a hoodoo by this time) that I would put up as security for a few dollars to pay my expenses on the way to Fort Selden. He said: "Well, nobody would give you anything for them things. If I had the money I would let you have it." This in a rather slow drowning voice. I took this as a matter of course. Anybody would talk the same way, I thought, whether they had it or not.

Dinner was soon ready. The dining room was away to the rear end of this somewhat rambling hotel building. We passed through a billiard hall and maybe some store rooms before reaching it. I think, however, there was a different route for the ladies. I suppose the dinner was good but do not remember much about it. I do remember, however, on the way back through the pool hall I stopped to glance around the room which was a very long one with many tables and many players. The second table away became very interesting to me for near it stood my man of short acquaintance apparently talking to one of the players, a large fine looking man who, laying his cue across the corner of the table, pulled out such a wad of bills as I had never seen before and commenced counting out the money to my newly made acquaintance. I passed and went up to my room wondering if he would keep his word, now that he had the money. I tried to read but made poor headway. Pretty soon there was a light tap on the door and I said "come in." The door opened and there was my new found friend who took a seat in a rather deliberate way and said nothing. I made some remark about the weather which seemed to meet his approval but directly he asked me: "About how much money do you think you will need?" I told him I thought about twenty dollars would be enough. He brought from his pocket a great bunch of bank notes and counted out twenty dollars and handed it to me. When I offered my security he politely turned them down saying he would take chances. When I asked him if he had never lost money that way he replied, "Yes, some." And when I said I would feel better myself if he would take something to make himself safe he said, "Oh no, I'll take chances." When next I inquired about his knowledge of Santa Fe and the west generally he became more communicative and informed me that he had spent all his life from a youngster as a prospector, sometimes striking it good and selling out and trying it again; sometimes having plenty of

SATANTA

War Chief of the Kiowas

Original in our possession, taken by Soule,
of Boston, while we were stationed
at Fort Sill

money, and at other times having nothing. Someone else would then furnish him a "grub-stake" as he called it with which to try again. He and his partners had just sold out a gold mine at Cimarron and I presume the money I saw him receive from the big man at the pool table was part of the proceeds of that sale. He finally asked me if I cared to walk about the town some. I think I would have gone with him anywhere, so I responded very promptly that I would like to. The town was utterly strange to me, so different from anything I had ever seen: adobe walls, adobe houses, and the people were as strange looking as the houses. The women wore some kind of a wrap over their head called a mantilla (pronounced man-tee-ya, with the accent on the second syllable) leaving a little open space for onee ye to peep out at people they met, and the men with the wide brimmed, high peaked hats that I afterwards learned are the universal costumes of the Mexican people. After looking around a bit my companion asked me if I would like to see a cock-fight. Sure thing, of course I would, although having been raised a strict Scotch Presbyterian I felt some qualms of conscience about witnessing such an exhibition on the "Sabbath."

The amphitheater in which the exhibition was given was without cover and enclosed by a high adobe wall. It was crowded with men and women, mostly Mexicans, in gala dress, some very richly dressed women and some whose attire attested poverty, but even these wore bright colors. The head covering was universal but as varied in colors and quality as the fancy and wealth of the wearers suggested. I think some of the hats of the men must have cost a small fortune. The exhibition itself was not very attractive to me. I could see the chickens sparring around as though for a good opening and finally one of the cocks would drive the gaff home with deadly effect and the people would shout and clap their hands and exchange the money they had wagered on the result. The management would then bring in another pair of birds for another contest. The betting consisted not only of money but all kinds of trinkets and valuables. I saw one woman take off her white slippers handsomely ornamented with gold braid and spngles and bet them on the result of the contest. The affair was conducted in Spanish-Mexican and I could not understand anything that was said, but they all seemed to be delighted with the exhibition. To me it was not only cruel but was uninteresting. We did not stay until the finish but went out and saw some more of the town, then returned to our hotel.

My newly made friend came up to my room after supper, and spent part of the evening with me. I found his experiences interesting. The old story of ups and downs, money to spare, and grub-stakes furnished by some one else, to give him another start. He gave me his address and I was very prompt in returning his twenty dollars as soon as I got to Fort Selden, which by the way, I borrowed from the post trader until pay-day. In answer to my remittance I received a post card without address or date saying, "You needn't have been in such a hurry." Thus ended an acquaintance and experience that I think could not have happened anywhere else than on the American frontier. His name was Robert Daugherty and nothing could give me greater pleasure than to meet him again and furnish him a "grub-stake" if he needed it.

Santa Fe (Holy Faith, in Spanish) was an old town when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. About 1606 according to Colonel R. E. Twitchell, the best authority on the early history of New Mexico, it was made the capital of one of the Spanish provinces, and had been built on the site of two small Indian pueblos. I believe if I had been dropped down in some town in the interior of China and had found a few Americans to talk to it would not have seemed more strange to me. The office of the chief medical officer of the district was located in a building on the plaza that someone told me was the old palace, but which I thought did not look much like a palace, and which I understand is now used as a museum in which are to be found the most remarkable collection of archaeological specimens in America.

CHAPTER II.

Monday morning I started for Fort Selden on the Rio Grande, nearly three hundred miles away. We had a different type of stage coach, a small affair, more like a carriage, and drawn by two horses. Some eight or ten miles out of Santa Fe we almost literally dropped off into a canon that widened out into more of a valley as we continued our journey until we reached the Rio Grande some distance above Albuquerque. This town was at that time a straggling Mexican village of adobe houses along the east bank of the river. It is now a city of considerable size on the east side, with modern improvements and is a division point on the Santa Fe railway and a town of commercial importance.

The river was disappointing. I expected something bigger, and it wound around from one side of the valley to the other as though in doubt as to the best way to go. The valley was interesting because of its being occupied by an altogether different type of Indians. We had left the plains Indian at Trinidad and from there to Santa Fe had seen only Mexicans with a fair proportion of Americans whose business interests were in the country. The Plains Indian, Cheyennes, Commanches, and Kiowas and Arapahoes, were nomadic and warlike. Here was an agricultural people who lived in little villages called pueblos, a name also attached to the Indians themselves. Their villages were located at convenient distances apart and both men and women went to the fields to work. The land was divided off into little patches separated by irrigating ditches, called asacies, and there were no fences or lines to show individual ownership. It was seemingly a community interest, a kind of socialism. The Pueblo Isletta was the capital and principal town and was the place of meeting for the disposal of important questions of interest to the tribe, and for the observance of such religious services as was their wont. The hoe was the principal agricultural implement, both for making ditches and for cultivating the land. The people seemed to be kindly disposed, and in every way a contrast to the

Plains Indian whose women do the work while the men do the hunting and fighting. They enter their houses by way of the roof, climbing a ladder from the ground to the roof and pulling the ladder up after them, then descending by way of an opening in the room to the room or rooms below. No doors, and only little peep-holes for windows, sometimes covered with a thin cloth of muslin. I suppose this was done in the first place as a protection against the Mountain Indians (Utes and Navajos) who in early times raided the valley and carried ff anything they could lay their hands on. The valley was sparcely wooded except here and there when we would come to great groves or boscas as they were called, of immense cotton-wood trees which were very beautiful. The valley as described above was the same all the way down to Fort Selden.

After leaving the Pueblo settlements we came to a country occupied nearly altogether by Mexicans. The commercial interests were conducted by so-called foreigners: Americans, Germans and Jews, the latter predominating, but the population was principalyl Mexican. Stock raising and farming were the principal industries, the latter in a very primitive way. They had no modern farm implements, such as plows, harrows, wagons, etc., and only such improved tools as they could construct from the scant material at hand. I saw at one place a man driving a yoke of cattle attached to what appeared to be the limb of a tree with a projecting prong entering the ground, and at the other end, which bent up something like a handle, was another man holding it. They were going back and forth making little ditches or furrows but not turning the ground over as our plows do. It looked primitive indeed and reminded me of a picture I saw in an almanac when a kid, representing the Egyptian plowing. Stock business was more promising. A good many cattle were reported on the range and I was told the sheep numbered many thousands scattered all along the mountain range to the west. Soccorro was the principal town, typically Mexican, but a place of some business importance. There were small villages at frequent intervals all the way to Paraja, the last town near the river before crossing the Jornada del Muerto (or "Journey of

Death" in Spanish) which extends from Paraja (pronounced Paraha, j having the sound of h in Spanish) to Fort Selden, nearly one hundred miles across, a desert properly named and that has some pitiful associations in my memory. It was what was known as the Apache Indian country and grewsome stories are related concerning it. Death by Indians, famishing for want of water, etc., etc. I must tell a legend concerning it and the desert country to the east and north. Near Paraja and rising bluff from the river's edge is a high bit of mountain, hardly worth the name of range, on the top of which lying in a recumbent position is as perfect profile of a face and bust as you could imagine. You get a fine view of it from Fort Craig and for a great distance to the northwest and northeast. The legend is that a friar, Christobal by name, and for whom the mountain or range was named, was traveling through the country on his work for the souls of men when he perished from thirst. Some supernatural agency brought his body to this mountain top where it hardened into stone and remains to this day a monument commemorating a tragedy, and a land mark and guide to the weary and thirsty traveler pointing the way to where he may find water.

We left Paraja and the river and valley at night after a good supper, havins supplied ourealves with water enough for the trip, expecting to get breakfast at a place about half-way across, called the Alaman (Allemand) literally meaning "Dutchman" where it was reported a German had been found some years before, killed and scalped by Indians. There had been repeated efforts made to find water on this desert. General Pope when a young officer of the service had spent a large amount of government money digging for water. Finally a man by the name of Martin, a Scotchman, who furnished the meat supply at Fort Selden, was so persistent with the commanding officer in asserting his ability to find water, that he was furnished a body of soldiers as an escort and guard and commissary supplies for the undertaking. He had been working faithfully and persistently for some months He had also put some adobe rooms and had them furnished, his hauling his water supply from a spring in a canon some six or eight miles away and had built an adobe wall around his camp. He had also put some adobe rooms and had them furnished, his wife being an important assistant in the undertaking, and he was still sinking his well deeper and expressing an abiding faith in the result. It must be a glorious feeling to be vindicated in such an undertaking. It was rumored along the overland route that Jack Martin had found water but not enough, and upon our arrival we found that he not only had water but had an abundance of it and our stage was the first to arrive after he struck it. After eating a late breakfast, which was a very good one, we started for Fort Selden still some fifty miles away. This part of the trip was uneventful as we only stopped once to feed and water the team, having carried the necessary supplies with us. We arrived at Fort Selden in the evening. All the way from Santa Fe down I frequently noticed little piles of stone by the wayside, sometimes with little hand-made wooden crosses standing up in the center marking the place where someone had met a violent death, maybe by Indians or maybe at the hands of some renegade Mexicans. It is the custom among the Mexican people in passing to toss another stone on the pile and in this way some of them became of considerable size, the size of the pile indicating in a way the time that had elapsed since the murder had been committed.

I reported to the commanding officer at the post and the following day was assigned to duty. By invitation I took dinner with one of the officers the evening of my arrival. Among other good things we had a choice roast of beef which they informed me was from their very choice and only milk cow. It seems the herders were not sufficiently on guard and this animal had become separated from the herd but in rounding up the herd in the evening it was discovered that this particular cow had an Indian arrow in her side and on examination it was thought best to kill her. The good woman did not have much appetite for beef but grieved over the loss of her favorite cow. There was some small timber and underbrush along the streams affording a good hiding place for sneaking Apaches who might be disposed to commit depredations. It was the rule at this post that when the officers' wives wanted to take an airing to send an escort along with the ambulance as a protection against the Indians.

It was a two company post and the duties of the medical officer were light; so much so as to become a little monotonous, but was sometimes varied by a trip to Las Cruces or Messilla, some fifteen or eighteen miles distant. These towns were at one time separated by the river but some years before an unusual flood had swept down the valley and the river had made a new channel leaving the towns close neighbors. Even in those days they were places of some importance.

While stationed at this post I made my first acquaintance with gambling. It did not take me long to learn that it was the universal custom in the country. The Sutler's or Post Trader's store wa sa favorite resort for those who indulged in the various games. I remember an old man camping not far from the post who made it his business. He remained there for some time and in conversation one day I expressed my surprise at the universal custom and he informed me that he had rather bet his money on Monte than loan it out at ten per cent interest, and yet his dress and camping outfit did not indicate a man of fortune.

One of the most interesting incidents of my experience here was one Sunday morning after inspection when a group of officers were standing out on the parade grounds talking on various subjects when one of them was attracted by something at our feet and called attention to it. Upon closer investigation we discovered it to be the outlines of a human skull, the top of which had been worn away by the trampling of many feet over the parade ground. The post commander ordered the dirt removed from around it and thus unearthed a complete human skeleton except where the top of the head had been worn away. It was in a sitting position with the knees flexed up close to the chin but the bones crumbled upon being exposed to the air. There was no evidence of shroud or other covering to the body. What race of people buried their dead that way? How long had it been in its resting place?

This post at that time was about seven hundred miles from the railroad. I doubt if there is a place in the United States today outside of Alaska or our insular possession where one could go and be seven hundred miles from a railroad.

Along in the first part of May of that year I received orders from the chief medical officer of the district to exchange places with Dr. Seguin, post surgeon at Fort Craig. General Grover was the commanding officer at Fort Craig and was considered a good deal of a Martinet. As explained to me by Doctor Seguin, it seems that Mrs. Grover wanted something from the hospital which the doctor declined to send her and General Grover thereupon ordered it sent. The doctor disobeyed the order and the matter was carried to district headquarters and probably higher up for it involved the question of military discipline and also the rights of medical officers under army regulations. It is well enough here to say that the medical corps is a corps to itself, distinct from any other branch of the service, and orders come through the medical officers from the surgeon general down to the divisions; departments and districts, and yet at the military post the commanding officer is supposed to be "monarch of all he surveys" os you see there was a chance for controversy. Any way it was settled by Doctor Seguin being ordered to Fort Selden to take my place and I to his place at Fort Carig.

General Grover was a severe looking man past middle age, and had seen service on the frontier before the Civil War. He was a strict disciplinarian and held himself aloof from everything around. I have seen him walking down the line of officers' quarters straight as an arrow, maybe with hands clapsed behind his back and an orderly walking the proper distance behind. He never entered an officer's quarters but if he wanted anything he would send his orderly to the officer with "the General's compliments and would like to see you." The officer then walked out to where the general was standing and at the proper distance stopped, stood at attention and saluted and waited for such communications as the general would make. He then saluted again and returned to his quarters and the general went on his way.

Mrs. Grover was confined soon after my arrival at the post and gave birth to a daughter. When the general was called in to see the new arrival he merely looked at it, gave a grunt, or "huh," and then turned and walked out. Mrs. Grover was the most queenly looking woman I ever saw; a magnificent physique; a commanding presence and a dignified and gracious manner. She seemed to possess all the qualities my imagination had conjured up as befitting a queen. She was the daughter of Dr. Austin Flint, Sr., whom I mentioned in an earlier chapter, and a sister of Dr. Austin Flint, Jr., the eminent physiologist. I was frequently called to their quarters to see the baby, not I thought, that it needed anything, but that the mother wanted someone to talk with. The general was civil enough to me but never cordial. I think it was not his nature to be so. He invited me occasionally to go with him in his carriage to places away from the post, say to Paraja some twelve miles away, or perhaps just for a ride, a courtesy he never extended to other officers of the post. On these little excursions I found that the general was an interesting talker, mostly with reference to his experiences on the frontier before the war. The war itself and the army since the war was never mentioned that I remember. He had been a major general during the war and was now a colonel and it was thought by most of the officers that he felt humiliated by being assigned to a negro regiment, the twenty-fourth infantry. I was invited to their quarters one morning for breakfast and maybe one or two other meals during the summer but as I remember them now they were rather formal and uninteresting.

Fort Craig was a walled fort, made so in early days as a protection against Indians. It was typical of most of the posts at which I served in being built in the form of a square. The parade ground being a square plot varying in size at different posts, around which are located the buildings. The officers occupying one side of the square; the barracks being directly opposite and the commissary and quarter master department generally occupying one side and the commanding officer's quarters and post headquarters and adjutant's office occupying the other side. At Fort Craig just outside of these buildings was an adobe wall about ten feet high. Next to the guardhouse was an opening large enough for wagons to enter the parade ground with heavy gates to close at night, and there were some small openings in the wall for other purposes, one being near the hospital. The walls of the buildings were of adobe with heavy timbers across to support the roof of dirt. The floors were what the Mexicans called "Jaspa" (pronounced Haspa), a kind of cement made of gypsum or lime sulphate which is found in great beds through a great portion of New Mexico. It is quarried or blasted out, heated to drive out the water or crystalization, then ground into a powder and when mixed with sand and water makes a pretty fair quality of cement. It was used altogether in the floors for the military posts along the Rio Grande.

The water supply at Fort Craig was obtained from the Rio Grande river and there were times about June when the snows mented in the mountains that it answered very well to a description I once read of the Missouri river water, "Too thick to drink and too thin to cultivate." This was a great bother to us during the summer rise for it was persistent for more than a month. I conceived the idea of making a filter by making a good sized ball of jaspa and charcoal which I held together by mixing a little cotton batting carefully in the mortar and kneeding it into a very stiff paste. After it hardened I bored a hole in the ball and inserted a rubber tube and then put the ball in a "Tanaja," a large ungalvanized earthen jar holding eight or ten gallons of the muddy water. This jar was put in an army blanket and was swung in the hallway. The jar being porus would let enough water through to keep the blanket damp, which cooled the water. By swinging another tanaja just below the first and having it blanketed in the same way, and having a rubber tube connecting the two, I had a filter that furnished clear, sparking, cool water. I put one in the hospital and they became quite the vogue at the post.

The wood supply was brought from the mountains some thirty miles away. Trains comprising several wagons would be sent out in charge of a wagonmaster with men enough to load them promptly and by starting early and returning late they sometimes made the round trip in two days, but generally they were three days out.

For a month or more I was in the officers' mess, consisting only of single men or those whose families were away. The meals were rather stately affairs and to me seemed a little tinged with the ridiculous in that far-away place. There was a colored man standing behind each officer's chair dressed in the proper toggery to do his duty and to give him every attention. I never saw any more perfect service at any hotel and the table was the best the commissary department and the surrounding country would provide.

Prices outside the commissary were much higher than we had then in Iowa. Eggs were fifty cents a dozen; butter a dollar and a quarter a pound. I paid these prices regularly when I started my own mess. I had what was called a student's lamp in those days and paid five dollars a gallon for coal oil, as it was then called. Of course that was before oil tanks were known and it was carried across the plains in barrels, maybe in hot weather, and on slow moving ox trains, being months on the way. The evaporation would necessarily be very great, and by the time the sutler's store got its percent of profit (probably one hundred percent or more) one could easily see that fifty cent oil in Iowa could easily be five dollars in New Mexico. Some years later at Fort McRae, further down the river, we got it for two dollars and a half per gallon by sending a five gallon can to Santa Fe to be filled.

Thinking that I was a fixture at Fort Craig for some time I wrote my wife and asked her to join me after her visit in the East was over. In view of her coming I started a mess of my own and had a little colored drummer boy detailed as servant and cook. He was as black as night and I called him Sandy. To start with I laid in a pretty good supply of commissaries, among them ten pounds of cut loaf sugar. I had my first dinner on Saturday and the following Monday morning I asked Sandy if anything was needed. "Yas sah, Doctor, we needs some moah sugar." Why Sandy, I said, we got ten pounds of each kind on Saturday, which kind do you want? "We needs some moah cut loaf sugar, sah," he said. What, cut loaf sugar? "Yas sah, Doctor, it takes a powerful sight 'o sugar for deserts." Well all right Sandy, I said, I'll see about it. I thought it was going pretty fast for only two dinners so I stopped on my way back from the hospital at Major Sweet's quarters and asked Mrs. Sweet how much cut loaf sugar they used. She was bright and quick as a flash, and wished to know, while trying to look serious, why I asked such a question. Finally she broke out into a jolly rippling laugh and said, "I know what's the matter, Sandy has been carrying your sugar off to the laundresses." I told Sandy when I returned to my quarters that I did not mind his having all the sugar he wanted himself but I did not want to feed all the laundresses at the post on cut loaf sugar. He did better afterwards but I still think the laundresses got some sugar.

There is no other part of the country so far as I know where skunks were so plentiful as in New Mexico. They were a nuisance at all the posts at which I served in that territory, but if possible were worse at Fort Craig than elsewhere. One evening I had gone to the post trader's to get my mail and upon my return I found the odor in my quarters so pronounced that I investigated and found that Sandy had killed a skunk in the kitchen. He explained by saying that he had tried to drive it out and could not do so and that he had killed it. I told him to open up all the windows and doors and scrub the kitchen floor and I went back to the sutler's store in self protection. I did not return until late when I found the odor worse than ever and Sandy explained the matter this time by saying another skunk came in and had made its way into my bed-room and got under the wardrobe and he could not get it out and was compelled to kill it. This he did by punching it to death. The result can be imagined, but not very well described. I slept on a cot in the front room for some time afterwards and found hunting and out-door exercise more interesting than remaining in my quarters.

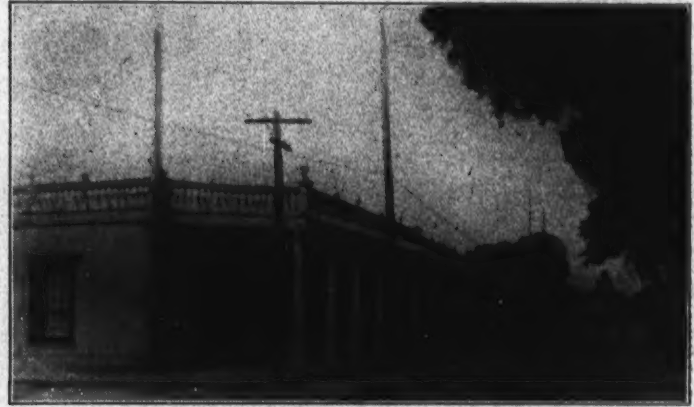
The sand storms at Fort Craig were something to remember, or rather I should say impossible to forget. They are simply a straight wind blowing with terrific force and loaded with fine sand and dust and very fine gravel. I remember particularly one that came up one day when the steward and I were making out the monthly reports at the hospital. The windows and doors were closed and everything made as snug as possible, yet when the storm was over one made tracks when walking across the floor as visible as he would have made walking along a sandy highway. It was a serious matter to be out in one of them, for unless the face was covered one would suffer severely from the stinging sand and fine gravel, and everything a short distance away was shut out from sight. There are also some pleasant things to remember of my experience at this post. The hunting, particularly of wild fowl, was very good, the ducks remaining late in the spring and returning early in the fall. The sunsets were beautiful beyond my power of description. It was my first summer in a rarified atmosphere and I imagined at times I could see objects moving along the mountain range some thirty miles away. I remember one evening when Doctor Seguin was visiting a few days with me on his return from Fort Selden to New York, having left the service, we were out for a walk together and were up on a little mound just west of the post as the sun went down and his attention was called to the beautiful cloud effects. He remarked that he had never seen anything more beautiful in Italy. The doctor was a Frenchman by birth; his father was a medical man of distinction, and while most of his life had been spent in this country he had traveled extensively abroad and his education, particularly in medicine, had been acquired in Europe. He was now returning to New York to take up his work as a lecturer on nervous diseases in the College of Physicians and Surgeons.

While the doctor was visiting with me we went up to San Marcial to witness the games on St. John's day, June 24th. San Marcial was at that time a small straggling Mexican village of one street with adobe houses on each side and all told maybe had one hundred inhabitants. We did not go into any of the houses and only witness one game of any interest, it was a rough-and-tumble affair and excited great interest among the Mexicans. A rooster with its legs tied would be buried in a little mound of sand in the middle of the street, leaving only its head and neck sticking above the mound. The game was for the horsemen to form in line some distance up the street and come at full speed swooping down from the saddle, grab the chicken by the head, and then the battle was on for the chicken. The possessor of the unfortunate chicken would strike out over adobe walls and across irrigating ditches, anywhere to get out of the way of his pursuers and when at last he would be cornered, or surrounded, a battle royal would follow. I could not determine how the matter was decided but when the game was over they would come back and repeat the performance. There were many misses in their efforts to pick up the rooster, but a few of the contestants were more expert than the others and several succeeded in swinging down and retrieving the rooster from the mound of sand. We left while the game was still in progress. In all the games I witnessed among the Mexicans there appeared the element of cruelty in some form or other.

During the summer of 1869 while stationed at this post I went to Paraja to see the Penitentes parade. I don't know why it was called a parade for it was an exhibition of cruelty that I have never at any other time in my life seen equaled. It was supposed to be a religious ceremony but consisted of a procession in single file of those who had committed great crimes or sins. The one in front carried a great wooden cross, the cross-bar of which rested on his neck and shoulders, he carrying it in a somewhat stooped position. It was of an enormous size, the cross-bar extending as I estimated it, at least eight feet in length and the stem in proportion. It had been made of dry cottonwood logs and hewn out to probably eight or ten inches square and was a crude looking affair, but was probably not as heavy as it looked. The one bearing this cross took the lead and was naked to the waist and from there down wore only a single cotton garment, pants-like in shape, but very full, something like a skirt, and all those following were dressed in a similar way. All were bare-footed and there were probably twenty or more of them. Each carried thongs with which he struck the man in front of him on the bare back, all acting in something like uniformity as to time and repeating in unison and in a drone like voice something in Spanish that I could not understand. Before the procession ended the backs of most of the participants were notably bloody and some of them very much so. Paraja is located literally in a bed of sand and I wondered how they could stand it that hot August day in their bare feet and the bloody work of the thongs left the impression on my mind of being a most brutal performance. But they were sincere and no doubt believed they were atoning for sins committed. What kind of a God is it who would accept such an atonment or approve of its offering? The faces of the participants were mostly of a brutal type and they looked as though they were capable of committing almost any crime. This exhibition did not impress me as in any way religious but on the contrary as exceedingly barbarious and superstitious.

By act of Congress during the winter of 1868 and 1869 the army was ordered reduced, which to me was a serious matter as it rendered improbable any convening of a medical board for examination of medical officers for promotion, at least for some years to come. As I remember such line officers as wished to resign could do so with the privilege of a year's additional pay, and enough others would be dropped from the service to bring the number down to the required standard, also with a year's additional pay. The only difference being that of resigning or being dropped from the service. Quite a number of line officers preferred resigning. Among those who did so was Lieutenant Page of the twenty-fourth infantry at Fort Craig. He proposed selling me his cow and I proposed trading him my pistol for it. He thought the matter over and said that he proposed locating on a farm in Missouri and the pistol might come very handy, so we made the exchange. He came to visit me at Girard, Kansas, after I had quit the service and gave me a farther history of the pistol. He had missed a good deal of corn from his fields and watched for the thieves and shot one of them quite seriously. The matter got into the courts and being so soon after the War the factional feeling had not died out, and the long litigation that followed almost bankrupted Mr. Page, rather a disreputable record for a pistol to make, but I imagine that there have been comparatively few occasions where pistols were used in personal encounters, that it would not have been better if they had never been made.

I expected my wife in September. In the meantime Captain Lawson had returned from a leave of absence and joined my mess until his wife should come. Just before I expected by wife to start on her trip to join me, a command came up from Texas, an exchange of regiments had been ordered. The fifteenth infantry went to the Department of the Missouri, and the twenty-fourth infantry to the Department of Texas, and I was ordered to accompany a part of the fifteenth infantry from Fort Craig to Fort Wingate, New Mex. I at once wrote my wife to await developments. She had already started and got as far as Fort Wallace, Kans., near the terminus of the railroad when word reached her from Fort Wingate that I was to go with one company of the fifteenth infantry to Fort Dodge, Kans., and she could meet me at Fort Lyon, Colo., which would be on my way to Fort Dodge.



THE OLD GOVERNOR'S PALACE

Santa Fe, New Mexico, as it appeared in 1869. Army Headquarters for the District of New Mexico was located at the far end of this building

CHAPTER III.

Fort Wingate is a post about one hundred and fifty miles west and a little north of Albuquerque and in the mountains in what was then called the Navajo country. While there I saw one of the squaws making a Navajo blanket. I supposed it would be called weaving but was unlike any weaving I ever saw, yet when a lad I was quite familiar with the looms and spinning wheels of the times, and the making of cloth. The blanket making appeared to be a very tedious process, the warp being held taut by stakes in the ground and the filling or woof worked in under and over the threads forming the warp and pressed in place by a little flat piece of wood passing between the threads of the warp. I could more readily understand why the blankets were so expensive.

We remained at Wingate probably two weeks. I was a guest of Doctor Vickery, the post surgeon. He was a most charming host and all-around good fellow. He gave me a little handful of garnets the Indians had brought him from the little ant hills so abundant in the country. I sent a few of the choicest stones to Tiffany & Company of New York and had two rings made; one for my wife and one for a friend, the post surgeon's wife at Fort Wallace, who had been most kind to her while she was waiting for an opportunity to join me.

The company from Fort Wingate to Fort Dodge together with the headquarters' paraphernalia was under the command of Mr. Krause, a lieutenant of the fifteenth infantry. Instead of coming around by Albuquerque we came part way and then cut across country to the northeast. When within a few miles of the Rio Grande the wagon road bore down to the southeast. The infantry cut across in the direction of Barnalillo (double L has the sound of E in Spanish) and the transportation followed the wagon road. Mr. Krause and I took the ambulance and when we reached the river in place of going up stream on the west side as the wagons were directed to do we crossed over to the old overland stage route and then went north on the east side. It was late when we reached the outskirts of the town and we noticed a great light as though some building was on fire. We had now left the stage road and were trying to find one that would take us to a crossing on the river. We were about to enter the town or pueblo, for it was an Indian pueblo, when we had a good view of the fire which proved to be an immense bonfire in the middle of the street with many people gathered around it. An Indian met us and gave us to understand that we could go no farther. With what little Spanish we could command, and by signs, we got him to understand that we wanted to reach the command on the other side of the river. By that time another Indian or two had joined us and they at once took the matter in hand. One of them got into the ambulance and by signs indicated to the driver which way to go and the first man to meet us signalled Mr. Kruse and myself to follow him. He would take us through the pueblo, but started around the outskirts of the place and after what seemed to me an interminable time brought us up at a high bluff. It was quite dark and we could see the campfires across the river, but how to get there, or whether we would get there, seemed questionable to me. However, the Indian knew what he was about, and soon found the place he wanted, and disappeared over the side of the bluff on what proved to be steps cut out of the rock, leading down to the valley below. It was then only a short distance to the ford and our guide motioned us to stay there, and we understood he wanted us to wait for the ambulance, but he waded across the river. We found him on our arrival in camp carrying wood for the campfires and seemingly greatly pleased at being able to help us. We gave him a dollar at which he was evidently delighted. The transportation arrived soon after we reached camp and all was right again.

We reached Santa Fe early in November—I think the 4th—and only stayed in town a few hours to rest and report to district headquarters where arrangements were made to have the paymaster come out to a place agreed on some five miles out where we would camp that night and pay off the men. This precaution was taken because there are always some men who cannot stand prosperity and will blow their money for anything they may fancy, particularly for liquor, and quite a number of them were likely to get drunk and be put in the guardhouse and cause delay in getting away from the town. It seems however, that some of them had money and those disposed to load up on "tanglefoot" had borrowed enough to put themselves past good marching condition, for at roll call preparatory to being paid off, some were missing and came straggling into camp one at a time later on in the afternoon, one without shoes, hat or clothing, excepting underwear, and one entirely naked. They had fallen out of ranks and taken a nap, and on trying to join the command had been held up by Mexicans. Of course their guns and accountrements had gone with their clothing. We were camped where we could see some distance back along the road we had come and it was rather an odd sight to see the men coming into camp in that condition. It was quite ridiculous to see men in such uniforms, or rather lack of them, come into camp, stand at attention and salute when reporting to the commanding officer.

We followed the old overland stage route from Santa Fe to Fort Lyon, Colo., a distance of nearly three hundred miles. From there it was some two hundred miles to our destination at Fort Dodge. There was little of interest on the way to Fort Lyons, the usual routine of making and breaking camp and marching during the day. By this time the men were thoroughly hardened to the march and the roads being good we made good time. It is interesting to know that for a distance of one thousand miles men will beat horses.

At Cimarron we waked up in the morning to find six inches of snow on the ground and at Wooton's just north of the crest of Raton Pass, we stayed two or three days to have transportation repaired. I hunted a little but as I was afraid to go far from camp found nothing. One evening while there, Mr. Krause and I went down to Trinidad, a mining town of some importance in those days with the usual equipment of saloons and gambling halls. I had some curiosity to see the later, so we visited one. It was located in a long room a hundred feet or more in length by probably forty feet wide, in which there were many tables, at most of which were men engaged in playing games. The poker players sat at small tables, four or five players around each one, with stacks of chips or money at their side, or perhaps a buckskin sack containing gold dust, (for this was a placer mining camp) which was weighed out as occasion demanded in the fluctuations of the game. At other tables dice were used, or balls were rolled, and the bets were made as to which little pocket they would enter. Everything was quiet and orderly and seriously business-like. It was a curious exhibition and to this day I do not understand the fascination that seems to be in it.

At Trinidad we were still a hundred miles or more from Fort Lyons where I expected to meet my wife, and while we made exceptional progress for infantry it seemed all too slow for me. It was on the 25th of November when we reached Fort Lyons, and I had the great pleasure of seeing my wife and baby boy again. We rested over for two or three days at Fort Lyon and then started on the last long lap of nearly two hundred miles down the Arkansas river to Fort Dodge, Kans. We did not see a habitation or a soul on the way except at one place where a man was standing at the roadside as we passed along. He informed us that he and his partner were there killing buffalo and poisoning wolves for their hides. We found an immense gray wolf lying by the roadside and the men threw it on one of the wagons and we left it with the lone hunter by the roadside.

When pretty well down toward Fort Dodge, I had one of the most exciting hunting experiences of my life. Buffalo in great numbers were seen nearly all the way down and I was anxious to get a fine robe from an animal I had killed myself. My opportunity occurred one afternoon after we had gone into camp. I saw a good sized herd leave the river and start back to the high ground to graze, probably a mile or more away. I did not know any better than to go on foot and alone. It never occurred to me that there could be any danger. The ground was level as a floor and I got up within a hundred yards or less and picked out a large black bull that I thought would furnish the prize I was after, and fired. At the crack of the rifle he started for me and of course I turned and ran, and ran for my very life. I thought how hopeless it looked for me, for the camp seemed far away, but I did my best. Finally I could hear him close behind me and while I expected every moment to be gored it occurred that he was breathing heavily, and I kept the pace as best I could until the breathing seemed less distinct and looking over my shoulder I discovered that he had stopped running and was walking around and around. However, I kept going until I was sure I was at a safe distance and then fell on the ground and lay there for a while. My heart was beating like a trip-hammer. I had no notion then of giving up the contest and as he turned broadside to me I fired and he started, and I started for another race. He did not make much headway this time and my courage arose accordingly. Pretty soon he stopped again and commenced turning around. He did not chase me again, but it took the fourth shot before he fell. The rifles of those days were very different from the modern repeating rifles. This was a breech loader with only a single shot and it was necessary to raise up what was called the breachblock by hand and insert the cartridge, then replace the breachblock, cock the gun, and you were ready for another shot. Too slow a process when a mad buffalo is chasing you.

I had been aiming for the heart but shot too high and the wound in the lungs had caused the blood to choke him so he could not keep up the pace. All four of the shots went into a space not larger than my hand and one of the bullets lodged under the skin on the opposite side which I was careful to keep as a souvenir of the chase. Some of the enlisted men who had gone out to the right for a shot came to my assistance and skinned the animal for me and carried the hide into camp. They assured me that the animal was certainly within ten or fifteen feet of me at one time during our race.

Another hunting incident occurred on our trip down the valley in which I was only a spectator. Some men had gone off into the hills to get a buffalo for the command. They had separated one from the herd and had wounded it and got the animal turned in the direction so as to cross the road ahead of the command When it came in sight our cook became enthused with the idea of going out and killing it and thus have some of the glory of the chase. He asked permission to take my riding mule that followed behind the ambulance. I readily gave my consent and watched the proceedings with a good deal of interest. He started away at full speed with a pistol in one hand swinging it in anticipation of a great victory. All went well enough until the mule got close to the game when I suppose he got a whiff of an odor that did not please him, for without slacking his pace he turned and never stopped until he was back in the rear of the ambulance again. All this with the rider making the most frantic effort to get him into the fight. He did not even get a shot. The buffalo was killed near the road and loaded on one of the wagons and taken into camp.

Another little incident occurred on this trip that was quite exciting for a few moments: We had camped near the river in some very tall grass, blue-stem I think it was called, the company some little distance away and to windward of headquarters. Some way in starting their campfire, it got beyond their control, and a shout in that direction gave as warning. I gathered the baby in my arms and we all ran for the river. Fortunately there was a sandbar extending out from the bank and we jumped some four or five feet down to that, and huddled up against the bank until the danger was past. There was a strong wind blowing and it was all over in a few moments. We thought of the ammunition wagon and feared the results, but the only harm done was a little scorching of my wife's side-saddle which was under the wagon. Only those who have seen a prairie fire in tall grass with a stiff wind blowing, can picture the scene as it actually happened. The ground was swept clean but was black with the ashes and stubble of the burned grass..

On arriving at Fort Dodge we stayed a few days waiting for a surgeon who was returning from Fort Larned and who accompanied us from Fort Dodge to Fort Hayes, Kans. While at Fort Dodge there was a dust storm that continued for three or four days, blowing a steady gale during that time. Major Morris was commanding officer at that post and I remember a lieutenant, Phil Reed, who was a charming and entertaining talker at the table. My recollection is that he was afterwards married to Minnie Reams, an actress of note at that time. The road from Fort Dodge to Fort Hayes was a very desolate one. By starting early and urging our team along until after dark we came to a stream bordered by timber where we camped for the night. It was snowing very hard when we reached camp and by morning there were six or eight inches of snow on the ground. The road was so obscure in many places that we were doubtful whether we were on the right road or on any road at all. Not a house or sign of life in all that great white waste and even now I think of it as the most desolate day of all my life. We arrived at Fort Hayes after midnight of the second day, and were soon comfortably located at Doctor Meacham's quarters and sound asleep. My orders read to accompany the command to Fort Dodge and then proceed to St. Louis, Mo., and report to the medical director of the department which had been changed from Fort Leavenworth to that place. We were now at the railroad and the worst of the long journey from Fort Craig, N. Mex., to St. Louis was over.

When in the ticket office at Fort Hayes arranging my transportation, I was introduced to one of the most noted characters on the frontier. He was generally known as "Wild Bill," but his name was Hickok and his brother had been our wagon master from Fort Wingate to Fort Dodge. He did not look wild at all but was a rather mild mannered and genteel looking fellow. He had long hair and wore good clothes and had nothing of the appearance of a desperado.

The trip to St. Louis was uneventful.

CHAPTER IV.

On reporting to the medical director at St. Louis I was ordered to Fort Sill, Indian Territory, (now Oklahoma) by way of railroad to Fort Scott, Kans., and thence by stage to my destination. We arrived at Fort Scott, Kans., late in the evening. This was theend of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf Railroad at that time, and a booming town The hotels were crowded and we had great difficulty in finding a place to sleep, but finally were located at what was called the Western Hotel where we were fortunate enough to get a room for ourselves. Many were compelled to sleep on cots or beds made down on the floor in sitting rooms, dining rooms and parlors.

The next morning I waded through deep snow some distance southeast of town to a soldiers' camp where Major Roy was in command and reported. He informed me that it would be impossible for me to go by stage to Fort Sill, that the stages had quit running on account of the deep snow, and that he would order me back to St. Louis, which he did. We arrived in St. Louis about the 20th of December, and stopped at the Lindell, one of the good hotels in those days. The controversy between Doctor Mills, the medical director and the department quartermaster was quite amusing. The doctor ending up by saying, "You sent him the only road he couldn't go." It was decided I should wait for a boat down the Mississippi and up the Arkansas to Fort Smith, and stage across country from there to Fort Sill.

On my first arrival at St. Louis from the West I had gone to see a furrier about tanning my buffalo hide and he informed me it would require several days to put it in prime condition. I went to see him again on our return to St. Louis and was told it would probably be ready by the time we would start to Fort Sill by boat and that he would make a robe I would be proud of. He sent it to the boat the day before we left, and as it seemed a little damp, I spread it out on the hurricane deck to dry. As it dried it became hard around the edges and I kept trimming away the hard parts, particularly those of the neck and legs until I had my robe in the shape of a parallelogram. This was disappointing but I still praised it as a souvenir of the chase. We found it a very great help in keeping us warm while in the stage from Fort Smith to Fort Sill. It disappeared one night while hanging outside of our tent at Fort Sill which was only a camp at that time. It had cost me a most thrilling experience when first getting possession of it and then ten dollars to have it tanned, and now after a short service it was gone and I concluded it was hardly worth the ammunition.

We were in St. Louis a week or more waiting for the boat to start and while there we had the pleasure of seeing Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle." He was then in his prime and although I have seen and heard him since in the same play it did not appeal to me in the same way it did at the first performance.

I think it was the last day of December that we went on the boat and started on our trip down the river the following evening. It was a light craft, stern wheel boat, and I was amazed at the vast quantity of freight that it carried. The trip down the Mississippi was without incident but we had frequent delays on the Arkansas unloading freight and crossing sandbars. From Little Rock to Fort Smith we tied up every night. Most of the time up the Arkansas a man stood at the head of the boat taking soundings.

We were cordially received and entertained on our arrival at Fort Smith by the post surgeon, Doctor Theibaut and his family, where we remained two or three days.

We started from Fort Smith very early in the morning, about four o'clock if I remember rightly, and it was very cold. In the stage with us, was a deputy United States marshal, who told us of the disastrous results attending those who brought liquor into the country—confiscation of property, jail sentences, etc. The trouble with us was that we had a bottle of brandy with us. By the time we stopped for breakfast my wife was thoroughly aroused to the importance of the occasion and whispering to me expressed her fears. I tried to assure her that it would be all right, and that no one would search an army officer's baggage, but it was of no use, and when the marshal was out of sight I broke the bottle over the fence corner and went into breakfast as though nothing had happened. We learned afterwards that army officers were permitted to bring it in for their own use and while at Fort Sill I had some sent me with other medical supplies.

It was very cold for a day or two and we had the stage to ourselves after the marshal left us. I think it was the following night when we were in some very rough mountainous country that the driver stopped the stage and asked if I would get up on the outside with him, explaining that his team was hard to manage and that he might need assistance, to which I readily consented. The team was spirited enough and we went along at a spinning gait. I thought noticeably so for such rough roads and I believe my wife thought it was the ride of her life. After two or three hours the driver said he believed the team was settling down and would probably not give any trouble and if I wished I could go back inside the stage where it was warmer. I accepted this suggestion promptly and found it much more comfortable. The driver explained to me at the end of his division that in the rough country we had passed there were frequent hold-ups and he thought someone ought to sit with him to create the impression that the stage was loaded and highwaymen would be less liable to attack it.

The second day out we had dinner at the house of the chief of the Chickasaws, having had breakfast at a freedman's house, both of which were worth describing. When we entered the house for breakfast there were a few smoldering coals in the fireplace although it was quite cold. There was some wood by the chimney and I stirred up the embers and put on some wood and soon had a fire started. The table was set in the next room, if so called, for it was only partly enclosed, so it was practically as cold as out of doors. On the table was some headcheese and cornbread, light rolls and sweet potatoes, all frozen so that the frost stood out on them, and some black coffee and no cream or milk. I managed to cut off a piece of the headcheese and cornbread and took my coffee and went back to the fireplace to eat and my wife soon followed, making her breakfast on some cookies we had brought with us. For this treat we were charged the modest sum of fifty cents each. At dinner we had some fried pork, fried eggs swimming in grease, and coffee similar to that we had at breakfast, and cornbread and all at the same price.

The evening of the third day we arrived at Fort Arbuckle and were the guests of Doctor Brewer and family for two or three days and were most hospitably entertained. From Fort Arbuckle to Fort Sill we went in an army ambulance, the distance being eighty to a hundred miles. We camped one night along the road and I shot my first wild turkey at this camp.

Fort Sill at that time was only a camp, but there was a sawmill on Cache creek a short distance below, where they were getting out material for permanent quarters, barracks and storehouses. The plan was for a six company post, and at that time there were two companies of infantry and six troops of cavalry stationed there. I reported on my arrival as usual and after being settled in our tent, was assigned to duty by Doctor Forward, the post surgeon.

Doctor Forward was among the oldest assistant surgeons in the service and I thought a little peculiar in some ways. He was dignified and cordial but after assigning me to duty I thought he showed little interest in the service. He would call at my quarters occasionally and say that he wished to go over to the hospital and would look carefully over everything and would go away simply remarking that everything was all right. I remember going to his quarters one day and informing him that a man by the name of Fields in the hospital had fistula and I thought an operation necessary. He replied: "Can't you stick a knife in it?" I told him I thought I could and he came a few days after the operation and expressed his satisfaction at the results. He was promoted to a full surgency while I was there and assigned to a different post. It is proper here to say that the medical officers in the army are never addressed by their military title or rank but always as doctor. Although their military rank may be that of major (for full surgeon) or captain or lieutenant (for assistant surgeon).

General Grierson of note as a cavalry commander during the Civil War was in command of the camp. Our quarters consisted of one hospital tent, fourteen by sixteen and two wall tents ten by twelve for bed room and dining room, and still back of that was the kitchen which was used for servants' quarters. All these tents were framed to hold them in shape and as a protection against strong winds.

Our first experience with what was called a "Norther," was at this post. These usually occurred in the change of the seasons from cold to hot weather or the reverse. They are typical, resembling other storms only in their intensity. They are always preceded by delightful weather. My first experience was in the early spring of 1870. I was on the roof of the new commissary building where the quartermaster's employes were putting on shingles and one of them happened to look up and said, "Hello; that looks like a Norther coming." The weather was quite warm but ideally pleasant and he noticed my light clothing and said, "You had better get down off here and hunt some heavier clothes." I followed his suggestion at once and by the time I got to our quarters a half mile away I noticed the difference in the temperature and in a few minutes it came on us in all its fury. It is simply the coldest wind I have ever experienced. It blows straight and with a mighty force and is so penetrating that one is thoroughly chilled in a few minutes. I have since learned that it often kills cattle and other live stock down in Texas and occasionally people who are not properly clothed. It comes up from the Northwest, a bank of clouds, not clearly outlined but hazy, I suppose from dust that gathers on the way. Anyone who has once experienced it looks at its coming with dread and apprehension. We had two or three experiences with a "Norther" at Fort Sill while still in camp. In one of these my wife and I both braced ourselves against the tent frame to keep it from blowing down.

There were six companies of colored troops of the Tenth Cavalry of which General Grierson was the colonel, stationed at Fort Sill. I did not see that they were very different from other enlisted men. If anything they seemed to take more interest in their personal appearance than the white soldiers but were accused in the army as they are out of it, of petit larceny. I had one experience in the hospital that may be worth relating: A trooper by the name of Stanley had shot the index finger off his right hand, he claimed accidentally, but it was thought by most of the officers that it had been done for the purpose of getting a discharge from the service. I kept him as nurse in the hospital as he was capable and did his work promptly and carefully and we often had him come to our quarters to stay with our little boy when we were spending the evening with our fellow officers and their wives. I had frequently missed small change and little things of no great value but he would deny any knowledge of them with such apparent candor and honesty that my suspicions were allayed. One morning, however, when attending sick calls at the hospital the hospital steward informed me that Stanton was discovered taking money from under the pillow of one of the sick men during the night. I sent for him and explained the matter to him for I was really disposed to let him off as easy as possible. He denied any knowledge of it, so I said to him: "Now look here Stanton, the evidence is too strong against you, you go and give Fields his money and behave yourself hereafter and I will let the matter drop. You are a good man and I would like to keep you." He looked me straight in the face and said: "Fore God, Doctor, I never did take that money." I sent the steward's assistant over to the guardhouse with orders to the sergeant of the guard to send a man over to take charge of a prisoner. A corporal came and I explained the matter to him and I directed him to take Stanton to the guardhouse and to tell the sergeant of the guard that I wanted him to get that money and for him to resort to any means necessary to get it, even if he had to tie the prisoner up by the thumbs. This is of course a very severe punishment, and consisted of using a very strong cord, the ends of which are looped over each thumb and then thrown over a crossbar a short distance above the prisoner's head and drawing him up, if necessary, off the ground. When I got through my hospital duties and was on my way to my quarters I heard the howling of the prisoner at the guardhouse and stopped where I had a good view and watched the results with interest. Stanton was protesting his innocence, and the sergeant's orders were "pull him up a little higher." It did not take long for Stanton to see his mistake, for he said, "Let me down and I will tell you where it is." "No you don't. Tell me first where it is, then I will let you down." Stanton said, "It's in the lining of my cap." And sure enough there was the ten dollars. The result was that a courtmartial gave him six months with "ball and chain." I think this occurrence illustrates one of the characteristic traits of the colored race, and to me it is remarkable that he would have taken such a course when he was offered the chance of taking one that in every way would have been so much better for himself.

CHAPTER V.

Fort Sill was the first post at which I had any experience with Indians. It was located on what was then called the Kiowa and Commanche reservation near the junction of Cache and Medicine Bluff creeks. Mount Scott, the highest point of the Wichita mountains was some nine miles to the northwest and both places had been geographically located and were used as a base for triangulation in locating other points. These tribes of Plains Indinas were famous fighters and were finally subdued and brought to terms by Custer's great battle on the Washita. They were very numerous and there was always a feeling that an outbreak might occur at any time. During my service there from January, 1870, to August, 1871, there were seventeen men brought in and buried who had been killed and scalped by Indians. They would not attack a large party of men in soldier's uniform but boot-leggers and stragglers stood a poor show if caught out alone. Once while there a woman, one girl sixteen or seventeen years old, and one about twelve years old, and two smaller ones and two boys, one of whom belonged to another family, were brought into the camp on the promise of a hunded dollars apiece ransom. They were from Texas and at their homes when attacked by Indians, and the men were killed and these people brought away captives. If attempt had been made to recover them by force they would have been killed

I once saw Lone Wolf, a Comanche chief, with a United States mail sack of leather on his pony, and the interpreter, Mr. Jones, told me that he and some of the other young bucks had been on a raid down in Texas and among other depredations they had killed the mail carrier and destroyed the mail, only keeping the sack for his own use. I saw him frequently with it afterwards. Mr. Jones told me that Lone Wolf had said that his heart felt better now, as he had avenged the death of his son who had been killed on one of their raids in Texas. These raids were of frequent occurrence, and there was generally some evidence of them in the wearing apparel or trinkets, or anything the Indians might fancy, and that had evidently belonged to some settlers or travelers who had been so unfortunate as to come in their way. But so far as I know, they never killed a soldier.

I have witnessed from the bluff near the hospital on Medicine Bluff creek their dances in the valley just across the streams at night, many times, but never had any desire to make a closer acquaintance. It always seemed to me a wild kind of a thing, consisting of jumping and gyratting and stooping and gliding and then straightening up suddenly, and swinging the arms, and all the time droning in short jerky cough-like notes, interspersed with sharp penetrating yells. There might be only one performer or maybe a half dozen or more. Where there is a number engaged, it is not only exciting but decidedly wild, certainly unlike any other dance I have ever seen.

They were great thieves and anything left outside of our tents which might strike their fancy was liable to be carried off. One day a squaw brought a venison ham to our tent to sell. The regular price was fifty cents and I bought it although we had bought one less than an hour before, and when taking it back to hang up with the first one I thought the squaw looked very much like the one from whom I had made the first purchase, and was not much surprised to find the first ham missing. We usually hung them out for a while to get the Indian odor off them, and I have no doubt that I bought the same ham from the same squaw the second time.

There were fixed days each month on which rations were issued to the Indians by the commissary department and I have seen the squaws carry sacks of flour a little distance away from the place of issue and empty out the flour and carry off the sacks, hundreds of them, so that the ground for a considerably distance around would be literally white with flour.

They were permitted to go about the camp any where during the day, but at sundown scarcely an Indian was to be seen and none were permitted in camp at night.

It was a very comfortable feeling to hear the hours called at night, by those on guard if one should happen to wake up and hear the announcement that "All's well." For instance, the

MEDICINE BLUFF

The original of this picture is in our possession, and was taken by
Soule, of Boston, when we were stationed
at Fort Sill

sergeant of the guard announces in a loud enough voice to be heard by the first sentinel, "Two o'clock and all's well." On hearing it the sentinel repeats the message, and so on around the camp, and when the last sentinel has finished, the sergant of the guard says, "Two o'clock and all's well all around." This is repeated each hour during the night.

A very different announcement is the long roll of the drums which happened twice while we were at this camp. It is the alarm to awaken the camp, and made by rapid and long continued beating of the drum without break or stop until the garrison is fully aroused. The assembly call by the bugle of the cavalry, takes the place of the long roll of the drum for the infantry, and the two together, and the clanking of arms, and the orders to "Fall in," "Fall in," "Fall in," makes an exceedingly interesting, not to say exciting experience. If you are quick in getting out of your tent you may see the officers scurrying across the parade ground to their command, fastening on their clothes as they go and soon everything is in order for whatever may happen. The women and children in these cases, hurry with all possible speed to a place of safety. At this camp it was always at Major Van De Weile's quarters, some of them very scantily clothed, generally with some kind of wrap over their night clothes, but it was not cold weather, and any way what did it signify in such an emergency. The major's quarters were what was called a "hakel" building and the only one in camp better than a tent except General Grierson's that offered any protection. Such buildings are made by standing posts on end in the ground and as close together as possible and filling in the cracks with mortar and pieces of boards or anything suitable, and the inside is then plastered up along the cracks until it makes a fairly smooth wall and is then whitewashed and makes comfortable quarters but not a first class protection against rifle bullets. They would huddle together and talk in undertones as to what might happen until the report came that it was a false alarm. In both these instances it proved to be so, but the anxiety and excitement was just as real as if the results had been different. Probably some nervous sentinel had fired his gun at what he supposed to be an Indian crawling toward him, but that may have been only a dog or some other animal, or it may have been purely his imagination. Any one who has not gone through such an experience cannot imagine its uncanny quality as the Scotch would express it. It is a very vivid impression with me today after more than forty years.

We remained under more or less strain of anxiety until the new quarters were finished or enough of it so that we could crowd into them. Officers take quarters according to rank, and it not infrequently happens that one will have to vacate his quarters and give place to another who outranks him, the ranking officer having this right and as a rule he does not hesitate to use it although he may be a single man and the man displaced be a man of family. This is so well understood and so graciously accepted that there is seldom any feeling or resentment about it.

In our own case we had to occupy quarters with another officer and his wife, Mr. Spencer of the Tenth cavalry, and this reminds me of an experience we had that shows something of the Indian character. We had for some time previous to this, a Cherokee Indian woman employed as servant. She probably had a little negro blood in her veins as her long black hair was slightly wavy, but in every other way she was typically Indian. She was exceedingly neat and clean and a thorough housekeeper and an exceptionally good cook and a most devoted servant, but she would take orders from no one except my wife. Soon after going into our new quarters she informed my wife that she was going to leave us, and this she did, knowing full well that she could not remain at the post if she did so. My wife was surprised and so expressed herself and also her sorrow at having her go, but no inducement she could offer had any effect on this high-strung woman. She cleaned out the stove and put in the kindling and had everything neat and clean as possible before leaving. It developed afterwards that she was offended at some orders given her by Mrs. Spencer.

Another little incident will show the Indian blood: One of the colored sergeants took quite a fancy to her and would often stand in the door and talk to her, which was all well enongh with Charlotte until she wanted him to go. I think on this occasion he was dispood to nag her about something, for I overheard her say in a loud and angry tone, "Now you go, I won't talk to you again. Go now!" I hurried to the kitchen and opened the door just in time to see the butcherknife sticking in the outside door-jam and still vibrating from the force that sent it. The sergeant had jumped in time, but Charlotte was furious. When I asked, "Why, Charlotte, what is the matter?" she simply replied, "Next time I tell that nigger to go I guess he will go." I frequently though how near we came to having another patient in the hospital.

I will relate one or two other instances that occurred while we were stationed here that may be interesting: My wife had the only sewing machine in the camp and one day Satana, the war chief of the Kiowas, was passing down the line of officers' quarters and heard the hum of the sewing machine. It was summer time and the door was open so he stalked in and sat down without any ceremony or sign of recognition and watched my wife sewing. He was evidently very much interested but gave no evidence of it by word or look. He remained for quite a while observing the performance intently and then got up and said, "Adois!" and stalked out again. He made several calls afterwards and went through the same performance each time until I suppose he became satisfied for his visits ceased. He was the finest specimen of an Indian I ever saw; very large, well proportioned, with a remarkably forceful expression of face and walked with a dignity becoming a prince.

Adjacent to the sutler's store was a large corral enclosed by a high stockade, inside of which were the necessary buildings for storage, stables, etc., and near the front of this corral and on a line with the store was the houses for the clerks, a few feet back from the stockade. In front of each house was a small gate which was always closed at night but often kept open during the day. In the summer the front doors were also left open. One day a tall, rather handsome Indian, that I had often noticed about the camp, and who was something of a "dandy" in dress, happened to be passing and happened to catch his reflection in a large mirror on the dresser that stood in line with the door and gate. He immediately marched in without looking right or left, made a thorough survey of himself in the glass then turned and walked out saying "How" to Mrs. Rector, who was sitting in the room during this rather unceremonious call.

I had a little experience one day with Stumbling Bear, a subchief of the Kiowas that at that time made me a little nervous and I have since thought with little reason. I was returning from a duck hunt up Medicine Bluff creek and was a short distance above the bluff that gave it its name when Stumbling Bear came up behind me, and we talked a little and I offered him some ducks which he took, and soon rode ahead. I knew of a little canon that broke its way down to the stream a little distance ahead and across which the trail must lead. For some reason which I cannot explain, I thought it best to wait until he came up on the other side of the canon. This canon opened out into the river valley and from my position I could see the valley thoroughly. He did not come upon the opposite side as I expected, and I felt equally sure that he did not go down the canon and come out in the valley. He had his rifle with him and of course could have killed me as he came up behind, if he had wished to do so, but I was nervous about him not showing up on the opposite side of the canon, and so I concluded to make a detour around theh ead of the canon and out of gunshot range, and went on my way to camp. That he could have gotten out of there without my seeing him still seems to me impossible, and why he should stay in there until I had gone seems equally unaccountable. Any way I did not see him again for several days when he rode into camp as usual.

The Indian agency was located just outside the military reservation, some five or six miles down the creek from the fort. Colonel Boone, a nephew of Daniel Boone of frontier fame, was Indian agent when we arrived at the camp but was succeeded the following spring by an appointee under a new ruling of the Interior Department. Colonel Boone was a very large man and his wife was quite below the average sized woman. I mention him here only because we were mutual friends, but also of at least one commendable trait of Indian character that is illustrated by their journey back to their ranch in Colorado. The colonel had decided, much against our protestations of the dangers, to go across the country, which to us seemed to be wilfully sacrificing their lives; but he insisted that he would send up to the chief of the Arapahoes, whose name I have forgotten, and if he thought it fairly safe and would send an escort, he certainly would take the chances.

The escort came in a few days and they were certainly a fine looking lot of fellows, being extra well mounted and equipped and I felt sure that they would give a good account of themselves in case of trouble and the colonel assured us that the last one of them would die in defense of himself and wife if necessary. So, we said bood-bye to them with some misgivings, but with a strong hope that they would make the journey safely. I got a letter from the colonel some months later announcing their safe arrival home, and praising the fidelity and other good qualities of his Indian escort. It was refreshing to hear and know something good of Indians that had so much that was bad to their credit.

I am quite convinced that any Indian appreciates justice and a square deal as much as we do, and recognizes force and submits to it quickly enough, if tempered with justice, but he does not understand moral suasion as we understand it. I think that his conception of it is cowardice. He cannot comprehend why one should return good for evil but believes in an eye for an eye and he faithfully carries it out in practice. He believes in all kinds of ghosts and spirits, good and bad, and his life is largely shaped by this belief.

A story Mr. Jones told me one day will illustrate their practical view of things: Mr. Jones had married a squaw and some of the chiefs were at his house for dinner that day. He tried to explain to them our Bible history of how sin came into the world, and they listened intently, and without interruption, until he had finished. Then one old chief spoke up aid said, "That is just like a white woman. Now if that had been a squaw, she would have taken a stick and killed that snake, and saved all the trouble." And while it may sound funny it was not intended as levity or anything like a joke, but was said in all seriousness. He evidently did not grasp our interpretation of it in any way, but on the contrary he looked on the woman's actions as cowardly and inexcusable.

CHAPTER IV.

During General Grant's first term as President, the Indian agencies were put in the hands of the representatives of the following churches, namely: Congregational, Presbyterian, Catholic, Dutch Reform, Episcopal, Methodist, Baptist, Unitarian, and the two branches of Friends. This was brought about by a resolution on January 13th, 1871 at a conference of the President, the board of Indian commissioners and the official representatives of the religious bodies above mentioned. This was considered at the time as the President's policy and was something of a surprise to many army officers. But there was no marked criticism, most of them believing that if the management of Indian affairs could not be in the hands of the war department, it would have as good a chance of being honestly managd by representatives of the churches as in any other way.

The Kiowa and Commanche agency was put in the hands of a Mr. Tatum, a Quaker and most estimable gentleman, but I afterwards thought he as illy understood the Indian character as the Indians did the peace loving creed of the Quaker persuasion. He was unfortunate in being found in his shirt sleeves and at work, when the first delegation of the Indian chiefs went to the agency to see him, and from that time was spoken of by the Indians as the squaw agent. They could see nothing elevating or even respectable in a man working, that being the squaw's duties, and had little respect for the agent afterwards, although he did the best he could for them.

Mr. Tatum thought it would be better for the Indians to live in houses like white people, instead of in tents, and proposed building them houses, and some of the chiefs agreed to occupy them. He at once got busy and built six or seven neat log houses in the timber a few miles north of the camp. The Indians moved in as they had agreed and it was reported that some of them put their tepees up inside the houses. Of course they did not stay long in such an unnatural place, and when I saw the houses some time afterwards, there was no evidence of recent occupation.

He also established a school for Indian children at the agency, and I think it was patronized by some of the Indians sending their children, but up until the time we left the post, the attendance was small. We cannot tell what the eventual results of these honest efforts to do go may be.

One of the most interesting places about the camp to me was Mr. Orleman's office. He was a West Point graduate, a lieutenant in one of the companies at the camp, and was the engineer under Major Rockwell, who had charge of the construction of the new post. Maybe my everlasting desire to know things interested him, for he was very kind in showing me his instruments and explaining their uses. I was a frequent caller at his office and he always seemed glad to see me. I mention this more particularly from the fact that in the spring of 1871 there was a part of the garrison, I think two troops of cavalry sent to establish a camp on or near the junction of Cache creek and Red river, and I was ordered to make a survey of the route and distance. I had never done such a thing and was more than doubtful of my ability to do it properly, so I went to see Mr. Orleman about it. He said, "Oh, you can do it as well as anybody. I have explained these instruments, and how to use them; of course you can do it." And that settled it. It was simple enough after all. A meter is fastened to the hub and spoke of one of the rear wheels of the ambulance, the hand pointing down and with a weight on the end of it to hold it steady over rough ground. A clockwork inside records the revolutions of the wheel. In other words, the clock goes around instead of the hand, and by knowing the circumference of the wheel it is easy then to calculate the distance traveled. The compass and tripods were not so easy, but a little practice before starting gave me some confidence. The zig-zag course we had to take to get around the head of the canons and to avoid rough ground where the ambulance could not go, were the principal difficulties, but by recording the degrees of each cange of direction one gets fairly good results. Mr. Orleman came down some time after we had established tht camp, and corrected the survey by triangulation, and complimented me on missing the location less than one-fourth of a mile in a distance of more than forty-five miles traveled.

From this camp I was ordered to make a topographical survey to the junction of the North fork of the Red river with the main stream, a distance of about one hundred miles by the route we took along the river. Mr. Spencer with a detachment of about thirty troopers was sent with me as an escort. This kind of survey did not pretend to be accurate but was intended to observe and record the principal features of the country, such as canons, high points of land, valleys and table lands, and to estimate the altitudes and distance. The compass was the only instrument used on this trip. We arrived at our destination about the middle of the forenoon of the third day and crossed the North fork and went into camp at the junction of the two streams. There was an immense cottonwood tree just on the bank where the two streams united and we conceived the idea of marking our names and date on it, supposing that we might be the first white people in that locality. After the work was done I suggested that we have a picket pin heated and burn the letters to keep them from healing over so soon, but we discovered there were no matches in the command to start a fire, a piece of carelessness that we thought inexcusable. It occurred to me that the medical panniers are always provided with matches and on investigation I found a little box of wax matches and we soon had a fire started. When we had seared the letters over thoroughly we were quite pleased with the result and if that tree is still standing it will probably show some marks of the vandal hands that scarred its magnificent body. I remember the dinner that day among other good dinners that I have had on my hunting trips. We had buffalo hump and I thought it at that time the best thing I had ever tasted.

The country from our camp at the mouth of Cache creek to the junction of North fork and the main sream of Red river is made up mostly of wide valleys and high table lands called mesa in Spanish. These vary in extent from a mile or less to several miles and near the river the country is broken up by frequent canons. It was a beautiful country to look at but it was, of course, entirely uninhabited except by prairie dogs and wild game and buffalo were plentiful, and I recall one bunch of wild horses.

We came on them unawares, going up from a wide valley to a mesa or table land, and they were grazing some three or four hundred yards from the edge of the mesa. It was astonishing how quickly they were bunched up, the colts in the middle, the mares on the flanks and the stallions in the lead, going full speed to get away. When we came to the edge of the mesa again they had crossed a wide valley and were going up on anther mesa several miles away still at full speed. They were a beautiful bunch of animals, a reddish roan in color, long tails and manes, and in size much larger than the Indian ponies, but were of a pony build and smaller than our best roadsters.

Prairie dog villages were numerous. We went through one that must have been four or five miless in extent.

We had an early dinner that day, and concluded to start on our return march, and about five o'clock in the evening we came to a pretty little valley with numerous water holes and some dead timber and went into camp.

I took my shotgun and was having some good sport with the ducks when Mr. Spencer's orderly came to me and said, "the lieutenant's compliments and he would like some matches to start a fire." I replied, 'give the lieutenant my compliments and tell him I gave the matches to the trooper to start a fire to heat the picket pins, and have not seen them since." When I returned to camp and was within hearing distance I saw two men riding away and heard Mr. Spencer hallow and say, "Corporal, it will be about midnight when you get back, and we will have a bonfire on the hill for you as a guide to our camp." When I got close enough I said, "Spencer, how are you going to get a fire?" and then it dawned on him that we had no matches. "My God," h said, "I never thought of that." But the men had gone at full gallop and we let them go. I thought of the powder I used in my shotgun and thought I would try an experiment. That was when muzzle loaders were still in vogue, the breechloader not having come into general use, and I cut a hole in the lining of my coat where it was padded about the shoulders and took out some cotton wadding which I tamped lightly down on the powder in the gun. At first I had too much powder and it would not work but after a few trials the wadding caught fire and with some dry sticks for kindling we soon had a fire under way and Mr. Spencer had his bonfire on the hill that night. The corporal and the careless troopers who had left the matches at our midday camp returned before midnight having made the round trip of about twenty-eight miles for a little box of matches.

The following day was uneventful until toward night. Some troopers who had permission were out hunting. We had heard a shot occasionally but attached no importance to it, but late in the afternoon an Indian or two were seen off on the hills to the north and in a little while they became numerous enough to create some apprehension. It developed that one of the fool troopers had taken a shot at one of them, but fortunately had missed him and by nightfall there were great numbers of them in sight.

We soon found a little water hole and went into camp and made the best preparation we could for trouble if it came. We got everything close about the water supply and the horses lariated close around us and awaited results. Soon the advance guard of the Indians appeared in perfect alignment silhouetted against the western sky and Mr. Spencer with two men went out to meet them. Explanations and apologies followed, but before the parley was over they informed Mr. Spencer that if they had found us to have been soldiers from Texas they intended to make a clean sweep of it, but as we were from Fort Sill they wanted to be friends. I have often thought it was fortunate for us that we were from Fort Sill, as they outnumbered us twenty or more to one. We waited a half hour or more after they had gone and then quietly mounted and rode away, not a man saying a word until we felt that we were out of danger.

We camped again about midnight and saw no more of the Indians.

The following morning I had taken my gun and gone ahead a mile or so and came down off the mesa and found a pony in the valley below. I rode up to it and tried to catch it but it would not allow me to get close enough. I then waited until the command came up. The column marching in twos separated at the order right and left oblique march and made a V shape that surrounded the pony and we took him along with us. We soon came to the trail where the Indians had crossed, a very wide one, showing that great numbers had passed. There were other evidences of their having been on a raid in Texas; some bed ticking and feathers, some pieces of clothing, evidently taken from some settler whom they had probably murdered and scalped. The pony had a sore back and had evidently been abandoned as useless and a hindrance on their march.

Although it was a long day's march we concluded to try and make the camp at Cache creek that night, which we did, getting in very late. We had come by compass directly across country from the junction of the two forks of Red river instead of following the stream as we did going up.

We captured a young antelope, the last day out, and one of the troopers carried it on the saddle in front of him into camp. It lived until we were back at Fort Sill some time, but that kind of life was too hard for it and it gave up the struggle.

There was plenty of game in the country around the camp at Cache creek. Turkeys were very abundant and duck shooting was good in season, and the fishing was fine. I have always regretted my impulsive disposition when thinking of my first shot at turkeys near this camp. When the command was nearing the mouth of Cache creek from Fort Sill, I had taken my last observation with the compass and directed the ambulance driver to a point indicated, and went ahead of the command to select the camp. Having decided on a desirable place I went down stream a little distance and heard some turkeys making a great ado about something. I got down on a sand bar and slipped along the river bank until I thought I was at the right place for a shot.

On looking over the bank I discovered that there was quite a bunch of turkeys standing around in a circle and making a great chatter. I fired into them without waiting to see what caused such a commotion, and when I was near where two of them lay an immense diamond rattler uncoiled and glided away. What would have happened if I had waited? Would the turkeys have killed the snake, or the snake some of the turkeys, or would the turkeys have gotten tired of the game and quit? I have often asked myself these questions. Does anybody know? If so I would like to hear their comment. While in that camp we killed two diamond rattlers, one six feet and the other six feet, four inches in length. It may be that one of them was among my first acquaintances in that camp.

There was a turkey roost some three mies above camp where we generally got our supply of turkeys. A young son of General Grierson, having returned from school for his summer vacation, came down to our camp, and was enthusiastic for a visit to the turkey roost, so we arranged to go the following evening, and got permission to take a couple of troop horses for the purpose, a thing not provided for in the regulations. When we had reached the timber we left the trail and hunted for a secure place to tie our horses, as dense a thicket as we could find. We found a place where we thought they would be secure and from there walked to the roost, a short distance away, and sat down and waited for the birds to come in. We did not have long to wait until we could hear the sound of wings, and they commenced lighting in the tree tops above us. We waited until they were well settled before shooting. It had been a warm day and by this time was murky and getting quite dark, and we had difficulty in marking our birds, but we soon had four handsome ones and gathered them up and started to find our horses. I was confident I had observed closely the directions and distance we had gone from the trail and also from the horses to the roost, but we failed to find them where we expected. It was pitch dark by this time and very still and we tramped the neighborhood where we thought we had left them, and then sat down and waited, hoping they might neigh or make some noise and thus guide us to them. When this failed we went to the trail and by lighting matches found where we had left it, and from there we followed the course that we thought would take us to the thicket where we had left the horses. We found it, or thought we had, and tramped it over toroughly without finding them. We carried our guns and turkeys with us, not daring to put them down for fear we would lose them. We finally concluded some thieving Indians had watched us and had followed us into the timber and stolen our horses, and so we started for the camp on foot. It was a hot, sultry night and I soon began to think three turkeys and a shotgun a good deal of a load and when I inquired of my companion how he was making it he admitted that he was getting a little tired. We rested a little bit and started again, I having taken his bird, much against his protest, and by frequent rests on the way we got into camp between ten and eleven o'clock, a very tired pair of hunters. I sent for the sargeant of the guard and told him I wished to be awakened at four o'clock in the morning. The young lad insisted that he would go with me but I told him no, that he was too tired and had better sleep and that I could get the horses if they were there. At four o'clock, however, he was up as quick as I was and we were soon on the way afoot to the turkey roost. We found the horses just where we had tied them and I felt greatly relieved, not only because it saved me the price of two valuable horses but because it saved the captain of the company who loaned them, as well as myself, a severe reprimand. I came to have a great admiration for the pluck and manliness of my young hunter friend, and if he is an officer in the service now, as many of the sons of my army acquaintances are, and he should ever see this story of army life on the frontier, I wish here and now to present him my compliments, and would like to hear from him.

We had an abundance of fish while at this camp. The quartermaster had built us a little boat so we could stretch trotlines across the stream and we not only had the officers' mess well supplied but often had plenty for the men of the command.

A few days after we had returned from the North fork or Red river, Captain Norvel's troop of cavalry was ordered out on a scout down the valley on the north side of the river, and I was ordered to accompany the command. We started late in the afternoon and by evening it commenced a drizzling rain. We went into camp about dark but did not unwrap our blankets as expected to be out some days and did not wish them to get wet. The blankets in a scout like this are made into a roll and wrapped in a poncho or oil cloth covering and fastened up against the cantle of the saddle by straps which are always a part of the equipment of the army saddle. The captain and I placed our rolls of blankets at the foot of a big tree and with our waterproof to protect us against the rain, sat down on them until the shower should be over. It never let up raining during the whole night, and there we sat dozing and talking by spells until morning. Soon after daylight a messenger arrived with orders to return to camp.

We found nearly everything ready for the return trip to Fort Sill and were soon on the way. We had already heard that General Sherman and staff, Colonels Marcey, Audenried and Tourtellotte, were there on an inspection trip of the military posts of the west. They had come by way of Texas and were fully informed of the doings of the large band of Indians with whom we had our little pow-wow and whose horse we had captured, and whose trail we had crossed on our return from the north fork of Red river to the camp on Cache creek. They had also learned that they came very near being in line with the depradations committed. This band had not only burned houses and killed settlers but had also captured a government wagon train and had tied the teamster to the wagon and having looted the train of all they wanted, burned the teamsters with the wagons and contents. The young bucks on their return to the reservation, and feeling secure at Fort Sill had bragged about it. The names of the leaders in the raid were known and the matter could not be overlooked by General Grierson, but he was powerless without the authority of Mr. Tatum, the Indian agent. This always struck me as a ridiculous phase of our Indian policy.

It was a universal feeling in the army that the war department should have the exclusive control and management of the

Indian problems, instead of the interior department, but I suppose politics, the bane of the country in so many ways, ruled in Washington then as it does now, and it was to the interests of the politicians to have it where it was. General Grant was at this time President and had served as a young army officer on the frontier and knew better. The Republicans were in control of congress but it would have been the same with any other political party in control, and was probably the worst that could have been done. Mr. Tatum was fully informed of the raid and the leaders in it, and called for a pow-wow at General Grierson's quarters. A number of Indian chiefs came in to talk the matter over, among them being Satanta, the war chief of the Kiowas; Big Tree, a young chief of the same tribe, and Satank, an old and wizzened up and vicious looking Indian, and council chief among the Kiowas; all known to have been in the raid. There was a heavy guard standing around the quarters ready for any emergency. Mr. Tatum had demanded the surrender of the guilty parties. While the pow-wow was in progress Lone Wolf, chief of the Comanches, came among them, a rifle in each hand, and a couple of bows and a quiver full of arrows swung over his back. I suppose it was a pre-concerted arrangement among the Indians for he handed one gun to an Indian near him, and a couple of Indians behind him grabbed the bows and arrows and in an instant these were pointed at the breast of Mr. Tatum, General Grierson, General Sherman, and other officers present. I suppose the click, click, click of the rifles as the guard cocked and brought them to shoulder, gave Lone Wolf a better understanding of the bloody work at hand, for he raised one hand and said 'No shoot! No shoot!" and by the interpreter explained that it was only a joke and that he did not intend to hurt anybody. Tht interpreter reported afterwards that he had also said when presenting these guns to the breasts of those men mentioned, "Now let these men go and we can fix things up all right." During the excitement Big Tree broke away from the crowd and mounted a horse near by, and tried to escape but the garrison was wide awake to the condition of things, and after a shot or two he surrendered. He and Satanta and Satank were put in the guard-house, a newly built one at the new post, and a strong guard placed about the building, until they were removed to Texas to be tried by the civil authorities.

We arrived at Fort Sill from our camp on Cache creek a day or two after these occurrences but I got the details of the incident from officers present and from my wife who remembers them better than I do. Promptly after the depredations had been committeed General Mackenzie of the Department of Texas with several troops of cavalry got on the trail of these Indians and had followed it up into the territory and into the Wichita mountains and from there to Fort Sill and arrived at the post shortly after our return from camp.

After resting his troops for a few days General Mackenzie was ready for the march back to Texas with his prisoners. Quite a number of officers were present to witness their departure. I was standing next to Mr. Jones, the interpreter, when they were brought out of the guard-house, all hand-cuffed, and all in the usual blanket attire of the Indians. When old Satank appeared he set up the most weird and doleful sing-song wail I ever heard, and his face I thought was not so vicious looking as usual, but was more solemn and maybe with a trace of sadness in it. I asked Mr. Jones what it meant, and he replied in an undertone, "It means he ain't going far."

Satanta and Big Tree were placed in one wagon with guards sitting behind them and Satank in another wagon with one of the sergeants sitting beside him and guards behind and when the columns were formed troopers rode alongside the wagons and in this formation they left the post. When in the valley south of the post and probably a couple of miles away we heard the report of firearms from that direction. Soon a messenger arrived with the compliments of General Mackenzie and requested that an ambulance be sent for a trooper who had been wounded. He also gave the essential particulars of what occurred. It seems that by some means unknown, Satank had a knife hidden about his person somewhere and although hand-cuffed had got possession of it and stabbed the sergeant sitting next to him and then grabbed the sergeant's gun and shot the teamster.

The sergeant's wound was only slight and he went forward with the command, but the teamster was shot through one side of the neck and fell from his saddle and was brought back to the post hospital for treatment. It proved to be only a deep flesh wound and he was soon discharged from the hospital, and returned to his own command. When the guards realized the state of affairs they made short work of it, and Satank was laid by the roadside and General Grierson sent a squad of soldiers and buried him there in his blankets. It was his death song that had so impressed me as they brought him from the guard-house.

Satanta and Big Tree were tried and convicted in Texas and sentenced to the penitentiary for life. It was reported in the papers some years afterwards that Satanta jumped out of a window at the prison and killed himself and it was rumored that Big Tree had hung himself, but so far as I know this was not confirmed.

CHAPTER VII.

The first time I saw General Sherman was at Rome, Georgia, during the Civil war. I was in the field hospital there at that time and was in the dispensary one day when my attention was called to some military procession on the street. It turned out to be only General Sherman and his staff, the general riding alone in front, his orderly a few yards behind, and a few yards farther back the general staff officers. The procession, if it could be so called, impressed me; first the isolated position of the commanding officer. I thought of pictures I had seen of Napoleon, always alone, and while I could not see the general's face to advantage, for he looked neither to the right or left, I thought him a stern, unbending, self-centered, iron-hearted military despot, without sentiment or generous impulse. I saw him often thereafter, for I was with his command from "Atlanta to the Sea" and up through the Carolinas, and he was always alone on horse-back and in the order mentioned. I never saw him in company with anybody. I had occasion to change my impression regarding him somewhat at the battle of Bentonville. We had marched all night to reach the battlefield in time to take part in the engagement, and arrived on the ground early in the afternoon. As it happened, we stopped near the general's headquarters. The battle was in progress and as we could not go into the trenches until night, I had a good opportunity of observing him during the afternoon. He was walking back and forth along a space of ground a hundred feet or more in extent and when there was a lull in the firing he would slow up to a very moderate walk, but when it became heavy his pace would increase and when it became a roar, as it did several times in the afternoon, he would go at great strides back and forth, back and forth, until it would again quiet down, when he would slow up in harmony with the lull in the battle. From this I learned that he was at least impressionable. Officers would arrive from different parts of the field and report, and instantly receive orders and return at full speed as they came.

From that time I never saw him until at Fort Sill at a "hop" given by Colonel Carpenter in his new quarters at the post. Here I had to again change my impression of the general. He was one of the most cordial of men; he seemed to know everybody, and I was told seldom forgot a name or a face. He had the remarkable gift of making everyone feel that he was an old acquaintance, and he entered into the amusements of the evening, mostly dancing, with zest, and after supper went with the officers to the front porch to smoke and talk. He ridiculed the idea of being a candidate for the presidency, saying he did not possess the temperament or disposition that seemed necessary to qualify one for holding an office where there were so many adverse interests to consider, and where they were so frequently presented from questionable motives, but as far as I remember he admitted no preference for political parties. However, he did express a desire to pass his old age in a quiet way, and free from political strife. He left the crowd on the porch before all were through smoking, and joined the ladies with whom he seemed to enjoy himself as much or more than with the men. I though him a rather awkward dancer but he took part with apparent enthusiasm.

After General Sherman and his party had left the post the feeling of uneasiness increased in the camp, and General Grierson ordered the remaining officers into the new post which was being built. It fell to our lot to be quartered with Mr. Spencer and wife and except for losing a good servant we found it a pleasant change, and were relieved of all apprehension regarding Indians.

There was a band-stand in the center of the parade ground and the Tenth Cavalry band was an excellent one, and in the summer evenings when retreat had been sounded by the buglers and the signal gun fired "just as the sun went down," the band struck up and gave us very delightful music for an hour or so. At such times the families of the officers would be sitting on the front porches of their quarters or visiting with others and chatting and listening to the music.

The bugle calls at the army posts were always interesting to me, and seemed to convey the idea intended almost as well as words. A number of them have words set to the music, if it can be so called, as 'Give your horses some corn and some hay" for stable call, and "Take your quinine" for sick call. Reveille had a rousing, get-up quality about it. Sick call was for those who had only slight ailments and were treated at the hospital and returned to duty, or if found to be something serious enough, were sent to one of the wards in the hospital for treatment. Maybe a so-called bilious condition or a scratch on the hand, or if a colored soldier a "misery," or he was "powerful weak." There were not many maligners, and they were soon detected. In the cavalry drill there are many bugle calls for the different evolutions. The bugler rides near the commanding officer and receives the orders and transmits them by bugle to the command. Of all the bugle calls in the service "Taps" the last call at night, affected me most. It has all the quality of our good-bye or goodnight, but to me it had much more. To me our good-bye conveys only the idea of separation, and I like the Spanish word 'Adios" much better. It not only conveys the idea of separation but also the sentiment "God be with you" and so "Taps" always impressed me "Good-night,, and God be with you,' and as the last prolonged note died away the lights went out and everything was still. This did not apply to the officers when at the post, and they and their families could enjoy themselves in their own way, and could put out their lights early or late.

Toward the latter part of June, 1871 a command came up from the Department of Texas on its way to the military posts in Kansas. The medical officer accompanying it returned from Fort Sill to his own department and post, and I was ordered to accompany the command to Kansas. My recollection is that there were three companies. In this command were two young officers, lieutenants, not long out of West Point, who proved very charming companions. One was a Mr. Reese from Kentucky and the other was a Mr. Parker from Connecticut, a son of the maker of the famous Parker shotgun, generally thought to be the best to be had in those days.

The first thing of special interest on this march was when we had gone into camp about sixty miles north of Fort Sill, which was the second day out. This was about four o'clock in the afternoon, to give the horses and transportation mules a chance to graze. I happened to look back in the direction of our march and saw a small black object far in the distance that I could not make out. I borrowed field glasses of one of the captains and discovered it to be a horse and buggy. I became quite curious about it, as I did not think any sane man would travel through that Indian country alone for any consideration. I would not have done so for all the money in the mint unless in military dress. He came directly to our camp and I walked out to meet him. He proved to be Father Poncelona of Osage Mission, now St. Paul, Kansas, who had been down to Fort Sill to baptise the children and give what comfort he could to the followers of his faith at that post. He was very tired for he had started before daylight, and had driven all day hoping to find our camp somewhere, but he did not know where. I took him to my tent and insisted on him lying down on my cot, which he did under protest, and I brought him some brandy which he drank with seeming relish, and by the time dinner was ready he was ready to join us. I asked him how he came to take such chances alone. He said it was part of his work and that there was a higher power (pointing his finger upwards) that would take care of those who were doing God's service. He was past middle age and had spent most of his life since taking orders as a missionary among the Indians. He had a benign faith-abiding expression of face, such as I have never seen on any other man, and his voice was low and musical, and his manner most winning. I had some difficulty in geting him to take my cot for the night, he insisting that he was used to sleeping on the ground and did not mind it. I finally told him that I was boss of the ranch, and he must do as I told him. To this he smilingly assented, and said that if it was orders he would have to obey. We always had breakfast and broke camp early in the morning and aimed if a suitable campground could be found to go into camp by four o'clock in the afternoon. The priest had expressed a wish for an early start, and I had ordered his horse and buggy to be ready for him, and he had breakfast with us and went his way across the prairie and was soon out of sight in the direction of Camp Supply where he intended going. I have often thought of this and wondered at it. Why did he do it? It was not for money for he was poor and had spent years at the work. What motive had he? What guardian angel accompanied him and kept him from harm? If it is true that there is a divinity that shapes our ends, why are they shaped so differently, and why is it that some are immune where others fear to tread? Right here I think it proper to say that the Catholic priests have always been the pioneers in religious matters on the frontier.

During this trip Mr. Reese and Mr. Parker and myself rode ahead one afternoon to select camp. We went at good speed and were soon out of sight of the command when Mr. Reese discovered he had lost his pocket book. He was quartermaster and it contained about fifteen hundred dollars of government money. He was sure he had taken it from under his pillow in the morning and he became quite nervous about it. He referred to his loss several times before the command came up with, 'Well, if I am mistaken and Andy (his old negro servant whom he had brought from Kentucky) got it I am all right, and I will quit talking about it." But he was ill at ease and went out to meet the command as it approached and we could see the old darky take something from his pocket and give it to Mr. Reese who came back smiling and told us Andy said, "Oh yes, Massa, I just got it right down here, I done found it under your pillow" and this illustrates a phase of negro character quite in contrast with my political experience with Stanton.

Mr. Reese, Mr. Parker and I generally rode together on this march and were seldom out of sight or hearing of prairie dogs. It was suggested one day that maybe they woud be good to eat. Knowing that they were not dogs at all but rather a kind of marmot, and sometimes called so, and are strict vegetarians, we killed a young one and had it for dinner. I was quite pleased with the experiment before trying it, and was not particularly enthusiastic about it afterwards. It was not very bad but was not very good. It tasted something like rabbit but I think mostly like prairie dog. At one time in my life I wanted to try almost everything that was brought to bag in my hunting experiences and I have tested worse things than prairie dogs, and I think that if one were hungry enough he might relish it.

We crossed the line into Kansas about the last of July and soon saw a new house away to the front, a thing we had not seen since leaving Fort Sill. It proved to be a kind of business and residence combination and was the first house in what is now known as Caldwell, Kansas, now the county seat of one of the famous wheat counties of Kansas, and a thriving city. The contrast between the two sides of the land separating Kansas and the Indian territory was very pronounced. Small houses of settlers and little patches of broken ground and other evidences of an inhabited country on the one side, and nothing but absolute vacancy on the other.

At Wichita we remained three or four days, having our transportation repaired. As I remember it, we had a long stretch of sand before crossing the Arkansas and forded the river below the town and then turned to the west. It was a little village of one main street and I think they called it Douglas avenue. The houses were small but neat, and being the first town I had seen for a year or two it looked very attractive. We were there over the Fourth of July and I remember a delightfully clean, attractive little place where they sold ice cream. We had camped just north of the village and Mr. Reese, Mr. Parker and I frequently visited the ice cream parlor. If there were any saloons in the place I do not remember them for if there had been it would have probably shown on the enlisted men of the command.

I do not remember which one suggested it, but we concluded that it would be some fun to visit the real estate offices, of which I think there were two in the town, and hear what the agents had to say. They treated us most cordially and were anxious to show us around and told us what a wonderful city it was going to be. All the southwest was going to be a great wheat country, although we saw no wheat, and would be tributary to their town and they were going to vote bonds the following Monday for a railroad from Newton, then the terminus of the Santa Fe. If not the terminus it was the great cattle shipping point for the immense herds that came up the hisholm trail from Texas, the trail we had followed some distance from Fort Sill. Everything would eventually come to Wichita and it would be a second Chicago. One agent offered us a corner lot centrally located for one hundred dollars, and out farther to the west, or north, whichever it might have been, I don't remember, on down to fifteen dollars a lot. We approved of the wonderful prospects for the town and told them we would consider the the matter of investing, and then went back to our tents and laughed about it. We at least had an enjoyable hour or so.

I have had occasion to think about it since, not with any particular feeling of hilarity, but rather one of regret that I did not grasp the wonderful possibilities of the country. Either of the three of us could have invested a little money if we had known enough. After we had again started on the march I stopped and talked with a man standing by the roadside and he told me each alternate section of the land was offered by the Santa Fe railroad at two dollars per acre. It was a beautiful valley and the land looked rich but the country generally looked very primitive.

One company left our command near here and I think went to Fort Larned or Fort Dodge, Kansas, the other two going on to the railroad at Fort Harker, where one company remained, and if I remember right, one company went on to Fort Hayes. I remained with Captain Kerin's company at Fort Harker for a day or two during which time the paymaster came and paid us for June. Captain Kerin was a typical Irishman and his company, almost without exception were Irish, and they were very much devoted to each other. The captain looked on his men very much I thought, as a father would look on a bunch of wayward children. The payment was made by the middle of the afternoon and by night I think most of the men were drunk, the few on guard duty being about the only sober ones, and the captain told me they would stay that way until their money was all gone.

A funny thing occurred that evening. The captain and I were sitting in his tent talking when there was a scratch at the tent cloth and when the captain said, "Come!" the flap was thrown back and one of the sergeants saluted and said: "Report for duty, captain." The captain said: "Sergeant, have ye got any money?" "Yis, captain, a little." "Go and spend it, go and spend it." The sergeant saluted and dropped the tent flap and walked away and the captain turned to me and said: "No use trying to do anything with them until the money is spent, and the whiskey is out of them." Two or three hours afterwards the sergeant returned, scratched on the tent, threw the flap back as before and saluted, and again said in a rather husky voice: "Report for duty, captain." "Sergeant, have you got any money?" "Not a cint, captain." "Very well, report to the first sergeant for duty." The captain told me this was a fair illustration of his experience on every pay day. It is hardly necessary to say that the captain was not a West Point graduate, but he was a royal good fellow and a good soldier and I observed while in the service that officers promoted from the ranks were the most devoted to the interests and comforts of their men. The trip back to my post was east by rail to Junction City and thence on the M., K. and T. to its terminus in the territory. The railway was then under construction and the terminus was changed every month or so. From the railroad I went by stage to Fort Sill. Nothing of interest occurred on the way until we arrived at the last stage station east of the fort. We had breakfast there and were told we had better get in the stage as they were about ready to start. We found a bunch of men hitching up a pair of mules to a light stage-like vehicle, and were told that they were just breaking them in and that it was better to get in the stage first. The driver was already up in his seat and Mr. Stearns, a very large man and owner of the ranch where we had breakfast, was up beside the driver, and was going with us some three or four miles to where they had made a cut-off that took us by a large spring of water, the last we could get before reaching Cache creek, some eighteen miles away. When all was ready and the driver had the lines well in hand the word "Go" was given, and away we went at full speed, much like a horse race. The driver's efforts being wholly devoted to keeping the team in the road. They ran full speed most of the way to the springs but when we arrived there they were going in a quiet little trot, seemingly satisfied with the fun they had had on the way. Mr. Stearns got down and held their bits and the driver got down and we got out of the stage—another man and myself being the only passengers—and walked toward the springs. I do not know how it happened, but when one trace was unfastened the mules broke away from Mr. Stearns and struck out over the prairie. My first thought was that we would have to walk back and wait for some other means of conveyance, but the off mule having one trace unfastened had the advantage in the race and out over the prairie they went in a great circle, round and round at full speed, scattering luggage from the hind boot of the stage until they ran themselves down, the driver and Mr. Stearns cutting across and trying to catch them. At last they succeeded for the mules were pretty well winded by this time and ready to go slow. We found nothing broken and soon had our luggage gathered up and the mules watered and were on our way. We got into Fort Sill a little later than the usual stage time, nothing the worse for the wear.

I do not remember whether it was before or after my trip to Fort Harker that I was called to the Indian agency near Fort Sill to see Black Beaver, the chief of the Delawares, who was sick and had come there for treatment. I found him suffering from dysentery and was seriously ill, and as he was an old man I had serious doubts as to his recovery. He was neither able nor disposed to talk although he knew enough English to make himself understood, but after a few days he began to feel some interest in life and gradually improved until he was convalescent. I felt particularly interested in him because of a story I had read about him as interpreter in an early day for Colnel Marcey who was one of General Sherman's staff officers when they visited Fort Sill a short time before. When the colonel was a young officer in the service and had been sent out to make talks to the Indians, the story ran that the young officer had a pow-wow day appointed with the Kiowas and Comanches, and when they had assembled and gone through the preliminaries of such an occasion Captain Marcey told them of the great benefits the great father at Washington wished to confer on them, and wound up by saying: "We wish to put up poles across the country and string a wire on them and then you can talk over that wire to the Great Father in Washington and not have to wait until some of your people travel such a great way to see him. When he had finished he waited for Black Beaver to get up and tell it to the Indians, but Black Beaver did not move but hung his head and sat there. Why don't you tell them, asked the captain. Black Beaver shook his head and said: 'It's no use to tell them, I don't believe it myself." I was anxious to hear Black Beaver's report of that pow-wow, so when he was well enough I said to him one day: "General Sherman and staff were here a short time ago and Colonel Marcy was among them. I understand you knew Colonel Marcy a good many years ago." He brightened up and said: "Yes, I heard Captain Marcy was here and I wish I could have seen him." By careful questioning I got the story from him practically as Colonel Marcy had recorded it in his book. I said to him: "Well, do you believe it now?" He replied: "Oh, yes, I know it now, I know it can be done, but I don't know how." How much more ignorant was he than the most of us?

I find I have not made my sketch of the events at Fort Sill in order of their occurrence and must now refer back to the winter of 1870 and '71 and we were still under canvas in the camp. It was an unusually cold winter. The thermometer fell to fourteen degrees below zero and the snow was a foot or more deep on the ground. I mention this incident both for the purpose of showing some of the hardships that officers and their wives underwent and also to show the self-sacrifice and loyalty and devotion of the enlisted men in an emergency. Doctor Brown and his young wife were on their way to Fort Sill where he was to become post surgeon, a position I had held since Doctor Forward had been transferred to another post, and they were at the half-way camp between Fort Arbuckle and Fort Sill when the storm broke. The doctor's wife was confined there and the escort accompanying them devoted themselves night and day to making the camp as comfortable as possible, getting water, bringing wood, building fires and cooking, and this they kept up until the weather moderated and Mrs. Brown was sufficiently recovered to make it safe for her to travel. As the result of such heroism and devotion some of them were badly frost bitten, and all suffered more or less. I removed all the toes except one from one man's feet—only one of the large toes being left—and others lost a finger or two or parts of fingers and were otherwise frost bitten. In these cases nature sets up the line between the healthy and dead tissue and the amputation is made in the healthy part and far enough back to get a flap sufficient to cover the bone if possible.

Mrs. Brown and her beautiful baby came with us when we left the post, intending to quit the service. She to visit with friends and relatives in the east.

Another interesting occurrence took place when we were still in camp at Fort Sill. This was the loss of the quartermaster's mules, which occurred the latter part of the winter. The Indians—supposed to be—by some means got the gate of the corral open and with the leader on horseback rushed into the corral and set up the usual yells and shouts and soon had the whole bunch of 140 mules under way before the alarm could be given and the cavalry mounted for pursuit. They had such a start that they could not be followed in the night, it being very dark. Different commands of cavalry were sent out in pursuit but returned in a few days empty-handed. There was one young officer by the name of Harmon, a second lieutenant in the Tenth cavalry, a tall, rather good looking young fellow who had said to some officers that if they would give him a chance he would like to show what he could do. I think he finally went to General Grierson and expressed a wish to try. The general promptly gave him a detachment of cavalry, some thirty or more men, and told him to stay as long as he liked, but to bring back the mules if possible. Nothing was heard of him for some time but finally word came from Fort Arbuckle that Mr. Harmon had reported there with a bunch of horsethieves and that most of the mules were then on their way back to Fort Sill. I heard Mr. Harmon himself tell some of the details of the scout. He had got on the trail of the thieves—not Indians at all—somewhere south of Red river and found two of them in a house he went to at night for information, believing he was close to their camp. He took these two prisoners and waited until morning to attack the camp. The ranchmen where they had stopped and where they had already captured two of the thieves, knew the country well and acted as guides. Mr. Harmon and he had exchanged firearms on the way, he taking Mr. Harmon's pistol and Mr. Harmon his shotgun. They rode along the bed of a little stream until quite near their camp. Most of the thieves were still in bed but the negro cook was busy about the fire. Mr. Harmon's horse being much superior to anything in the command, he was among the thieves practically alone. He shot and wounded one of the men with the second barrel of his shotgun, and commanded them all to throw up their hands or he would kill the last one of them. He dropped the shotgun and reached for his pistols but of course they were gone. However, the thieves stood there with their hands up until the command came and they were hand-cuffed and were soon ready for the march to Fort Arbuckle, the nearest military post. Not more than a half dozen mules had been disposed of.

The sequel to this story was interesting to me for it caused me a trip to Fort Arbuckle and back. The guardhouse at Fort Arbuckle was not considered safe and it was thought best to send the thieves to the new guardhouse at Fort Sill until the law could take its course. They were sent under a guard of colored troops commanded by a sergeant with instructions to kill them if they tried to escape. The guard claimed that one man made a break for the brush, but the prisoners claimed that he did nothing of the kind, anyway one of them was badly wounded and was taken back to Fort Arbuckle, and as Doctor Brewer, the post surgeon was sick at that time a request for a medical officer come to Fort Arbuckle and cut a man's leg off was received at Fort Sill and I was ordered on that duty. Before I arrived at Fort Arbuckle, Doctor Brewer considered it too urgent a case to be delayed any longer, and although hardly able to handle the knife, he had amputated the leg before I got there. I remained a few days until the doctor was sufficiently recovered to attend to the medical duties of the post, and then returned to Fort Sill.

I now come to the last record I shall make of service at this post and have hesitated about mentioning it at all, and do so now in as few words as possible, not only because "there are sorrows too sacred to be babbled to the world" but also because they pull so hard on the heart strings. Our little boy was scalded to death at this camp. The negro servant had set a large kettle of boiling water off the stove, and some way in his play he fell into it. We laid him away in the cemetery on the hillside and had a stone covering placed over his grave, to mark the place where his little scalded body lay.

CHAPTER VIII.

This experience with the little prospect of promotion in the service decided us on our desire to return to private life, and I wrote to the medical director of the department expressing my wishes in the matter, and my reasons for quitting the service, and received orders to report at the headquarters of the department, Leavenworth, Kansas.

It may be well here to relate an experience of army life that occurred at Fort Sill after we had left the post. The feeling of apprehension regarding the Indians had subsided to such an extent that the officers' wives would take outings in the ambulance, and it became in time considered safe to go to the Washita agency and make purchases and return the same day. Two of the officers' wives had made the trip and were nearing the head of Cache creek on their return, when they saw the Indians coming. The negro driver urged the mules with such good effect that they reached the timber and the driver escaped but the women were carried away to the mountains, and for two weeks were subjected to all the brutal horrors to be expected of savages and then were ransomed. We were well acquainted with one of these women but the other had only been at the post a short time before we left.

I think few of the people of our country today realize how recently such horrors have been committed. For most of them it is a matter of the long forgotten past.

We left Fort Sill about the middle of August, 1871 and had for company Mrs. Harmon, wife of Lieutenant Harmon, who captured the horsethieves and Mrs. Brown, wife of the post surgeon, and their little baby and nurse girl. We had an escort of a half dozen men under command of a sergeant as far as Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, near the junction of the Grand and Arkansas rivers, and from there to the end of the railroad two or three men to help about camp. The M., K. and T. railroad was then only finished to Pryor's creek and we had to take a freight train from there to Chetopa, Kansas, the end of the passenger run. We camped at Stearn's ranch the first night out of Fort Sill. As we were starting the following morning we were informed that a dead man had just been found near the road we were to take, and only two or three miles away. We got some tools at the ranch and stopped long enough to bury him. He had soldier's clothes on and had probably been only recently discharged from the service. A little money was found in his pocket which I told the sergeant to take and on his return to Fort Sill try and have the man identified, if possible, and send the money to his friends. He had not been dead long as the wolves had not disturbed the body.

Our night camp on the Washita was something we shall always remember. Before it got dark the mosquitoes had made our acquaintance in such numbers that we were doubtful of our night's rest, but we had the tent put up and supper over without suffering serious loss of blood. They kept coming in greater numbers until we realized that the first were only installments of the advance guard, and by bedtime they were almost unbearable. We smudged the tent to drive them out but only succeeded in driving out the little nurse girl who was caring for the baby. I tried my usual place in the ambulance for a nap but could not sleep and heard the women talking in the tent until toward midnight when I called my wife and told her that if she would come out to the ambulance I would try and keep the mosquitoes off her until she could get a little rest. We tried that for an hour but had to acknowledge our defeat and we still heard the other women talking in the tent. I was now ready to surrender, so called the sergeant and told him to have the ambulance driver hitch up and we would get out of there and he and the escort could come on when they liked, as we were than away from danger from the Indians. We drove for some time after daylight and found a beautiful camp ground with fine running water and went into camp. The escort was not far behind us—they had also met with defeat. We spent that day and the following night in that camp and had a good rest. The escort had brought a cub bear along and he was a very amusing rascal although a cause of some anxiety to the women.

This day after we had sat down to dinner some trash fell on the table and looking up we discovered him out on a limb above us. The women thought best to have the table removed. His home while on the road was in the feed box at the rear of the wagon where he was chained, and the first thing when released was to hunt the water and take a good bath and then he was ready to investigate everything around camp. He would roam around at his own sweet will until away in the night when he would return to his box where we always found him in the morning. We had to keep the commissary supplies well protected, for he was a born thief.

We had a good supply of small game on the way particularly turkeys and prairie chickens. We found the young turkeys at this season of the year to be unusually fine.

When we arrived at Oswego my wife went to visit friends in the country and I went on to the department headquarters at Leavenworth to report. When I got there the medical director was anxious that I should remain in the service and said that he would give me a good post and suggested Camp Limestone in Southeast Kansas in what was then known as the Cherokee neutral lands, about thirty miles south of Fort Scott. It would be close to the railroad and other conveniences and comforts of civilization, and he was sure I would like it, and he hoped there would be an examining board before long for promotions and I had better consider the matter. I asked for two weeks leave of absence to consider his proposition which was cheerfully granted, and I went back to Iowa and looked up the prospects and in ten days was back to continue in the service.

My wife and I together went to our new station at Camp Limestone and arrived there September 9th, 1871. At that time the railroad was finished to Baxter Springs but there had been trouble with the settlers when crossing the Cherokee neutral lands, an area embracing Cherokee and Crawford counties and the southern tier of townships in Bourbon county. The land had been sold for the Indians by the government to James F. Joy, representing what was then known as the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Gulf railroad. The settlers thought they should have the right to homestead the land, and resisted the construction of the railroad, caught and whipped the engineers and threatened their lives and burned their instruments, the result being that troops were sent to protect the purchasers and their employees in the construction of the road.

There were three camps established along the line of the railroad on these lands, one at Drywood, one at Limstone creek, and one near Columbus, and occupied by one company at each post. Temporary buildings were constructed and the troops made as comfortable as possible where they were not expected to remain permanently. Fort Scott was the headquarters, General Neal being in command, but there was a company commander at each camp. We arrived late in the afternoon and went to a house close by and remained there until the mail messenger from the camp should return and report our arrival. In the course of an hour an ambulance came, and we made our way across country to camp and I reported to Captain Fenton of the Sixth cavalry in command of the camp, and we remained at his quarters over night and had our own quarters ready for occupancy the following day. The country was fairly well settled immediately around the camp and along the streams, and there was a schoolhouse less than a mile away.

Part of the settlers had been there for some years and were getting things about them to look quite home-like. Fruit trees grwing, peach trees bearing, and hedge-fences set out, and while there was always a seeming scarcity of money and farm products brought low prices, the people seemed contented and hopeful. This was a very comfortable contrast with our experiences among the Indians. Small game, particularly quail and prairie chickens were plentiful, and wild fowl abundant in season. There being very little to do in a professional way I had plenty of time to indulge in my favorite sport with dog and gun. We had not been at that camp long until Captain Fenton's company was replaced by another company of which Captain (Brevet Major) Upham was in command and Mr. Gordon, first lieutenant and Mr. Kerr, just recently from West Point was second lieutenant, and this company remained at Fort Limestone during my service there, and until the spring of 1873 when all the camps on the neutral lands were discontinued, the Supreme Court having decided the title of the land in the railroad company.

When General Neal was assigned to another post, Major Upham took his place at Fort Scott, leaving Mr. Gordon in command at our camp. The officers of the different camps had transportation or yearly passes on the railroad from Fort Scott to Baxter Springs and Fort Scott being then the principal town in the southeast part of the state we were frequently there to make purchases or for any purpose our wishes might suggest. We boarded the train at a place called Engleton, since changed to Beulah although there was no station or side-track and only one house close by, and trains only stopped on signals or to let off passengers. Take it altogether it was very much like living on a farm in a new country that was fairly well settled, but we had many comforts that farmers could not afford and did not have to work as they did to earn a living.

Most of the farmers belonged to what was called the Settlers' League and those of them who did not belong from choice did so from fear. I got acquainted with a number who felt no way in sympathy with some of their doings such as burning bridges and other unlawful acts. They were all civil enough to the officers and men of our camp and quite a number were disposed to be friendly. Some of them had contracted their land from the railroad company considering their investments, which in many cases embraced good improvements, too valuable to take chances but kept their contracts a secret. I frequently took their payments to the land offices in Fort Scott, they preferring to send it rather than go themselves.

Eighteen hundred and seventy-two was a bountiful crop year and we could get all the peaches and many other things we needed very cheap. The quartermaster contracted his corn that year at 14 cents a bushel and the farmers who furnished it were greatly pleased at getting such a good price for shelled corn. Early in the spring of the year I received orders to take charge of the surgical needs of the camp near Columbus and to make a trip three times each week and as much oftener as I though it necessary. This I could do and return to my own camp the same day. This was a pleasant duty for it gave me more to do and I was taken to and from the railroad in the ambulance each trip.

Captain Bennett of the Fifth infantry was the commanding officer at Columbus, a dignified, courteous, soldierly gentleman, to whom I became very much attached. In a letter from General Miles he speaks of Captain Bennett as follows: "Captain Bennett who was in command of the camp at Columbus was a very gallant officer. He had an excellent record during the Civil war and went with the regiment to Montana. He was engaged in several Indian campaigns and in 1879 was killed in an engagement with hostile Bannock Indians at Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone. He was an ideal officer and one of the many heroes who gave his life in protecting the homes of the defenseless settlers and maintaining the supremacy of the government." This duty continued until late the following fall when another surgeon, Doctor Gray, was sent to take charge of that camp.

When the open season for chicken shooting began we had frequent visitors who were fond of the sport. Major Upham, commanding at Fort Scott, would come often and bring friends from Fort Scott, generally Mr. Drake and Mr. McDonald and sometimes others, to spend a day with dog and gun. Captain Butler from the camp on Drywood would come for a day. Colonel Delancey Floyd-Jones of the Third infantry came down from Fort Hayes for two or three days, and brought with him an excellent setter dog, that could not stand the heat as well as the pointers, but was much more easily controlled. I was a bit amused at his experience while there. When asked at the dinner table the first day if he would be helped to both beef and chicken he replied, "No beef for me while I'm here, I can get all the beef I want at Fort Hayes, I came down here to eat prairie chicken." The last morning he was there I said, Well Colonel, how is it this morning, prairie chicken or steak, or both?" "Well, he said, I believe I will try a little steak this morning." He went away delighted with his experience and promised me another visit in the fall, but for some reason we did not see him again.

He was a fine type of the old army officer, dignified, courteous and cordial.

I had done my first chicken shooting on the way in from Fort Sill, and was by no means a good shot. Mr. Kerr, the young lieutenant, who was stationed here, was the best wing-shot I have ever seen on the sporting field. He had his gun made to measure and although he was six feet tall and finely proportioned he had ordered his gun to be only 6½ pounds in weight. Up to that time I had thought the bigger the gun the more deadly the weapon. I found I had a good deal to learn about guns and show to shoot them. I must tell you about one of my first experiences in chicken-shooting with Mr. Kerr. I happened to see one on the ground and could not resist the temptation and I will never forget the disgusted expression on his face as he turned to me and said, "For God's sake, are you hungry." That one precipitation cured me of shooting birds on the ground, unless I was hungry. Time and practice finally made me a fairly creditable shot but I was never steady in the field or at the trap. Mr. Kerr on the other hand was always steady and reliable. I remember one day just before Christmas when the snow was several inches deep he asked me to count out one hundred loaded cartridges for him while he attended guard mount. The ambulance was at the door and he started promptly when guard mount was over. He brought back eighty-four quail and nine loaded cartridges. Poor old Dick, his faithful pointer had retrieved them all, and was an invalid for two or three days thereafter.

Mr. Kerr's quarters and ours were just across the corner of the parade ground from each other, his facing north and ours east, and he was at our house a great deal, especially in the evenings. The conversation generally turned to guns and their different makes and merits; to dogs and their different breeds and training; the loads to be used and the proper proportion of powder and shot. All these things were discussed until we felt we were authorities on the subject but for fear we might be wrong about the powder and shot, we experimented to find if any of the powder left the gun-barrel unburnt, and with target we settled at least to our own satisfaction, the amount of shot and powder to be used. My subsequent hunting experience has not materially modified our conclusions. In those days we used black powder and loaded our own shells, the smokeless powder and machine loaded shells being then unknown.

One of the interesting things at this camp that year was Mr. Gordon's company garden, some four or five acres in extent with everything imaginable planted in it. The company did the work of planting and cultivating but the rabbits did a large part of the eating. There would be days when all the company would be out shooting rabbits and it was much like the picket firing I had become familiar with in the volunteer service. This was kept up until the rabbits were comparatively few around camp, and the garden produced abundantly and was a great help in rounding out the men's rations. One of the enlisted men was an expert with the rifle and caught many of the rabbits on the run.

While here I had an opportunity of observing for the first time the variableness in area of rainfall at different seasons of the year. The latter part of winter and early spring I observed that if it was cloudy or raining at Fort Scott, it was the same way at Columbus fifty miles away and I presume over a much greater area. But as the season advanced, I would find it raining at Limestone, while on my arrival at Columbus the weather would be clear and dry only twenty miles away. Sometimes a heavy shower would fall between the camps and both camps would be dry. This was a surprise to me because I had not thought of it before, and I think the feeling generally is if it is raining where you happen to be, it is raining everywhere else.

Before this camp was abandoned I had some hospital property on hand for which I was responsible, and that had ceased to be of service, and I had applied for its inspection and condemnation. Soon afterwards Colonel Nelson A. Miles of the Fifteenth infantry and inspector general of the department came and condemned the property. After dinner we played chess until time for him to be taken to the northbound train, and I have often wondered since that time if he remembers victory as well as I do defeat. Since then he became a distinguished officer in our Indian warfare and finally attained the rank of lieutenant general and commander-in-chief of the army.

Most of the officers who served at the different camps on the neutral land while I was at Limestone have since died. So far as I know, General Kerr—the Mr. Kerr of our camp life there—and myself are the only ones remaining. Mr. Kerr became a captain in 1885 and was wounded in the assault on San Juan ridge July 1, 1898, promoted to major in October, 1898, was military attache at Berlin in 1900 to 1902, promoted to colonel in 1903 and to brigadier general in 1908 and retired from active service in 1909 as brigadier general in the United States Army. He saw much Indian fighting on the frontier, and received numerous medals and honorable mention, in orders from different departments and army headquarters. It is a pleasure to mention these promotions and orders commending him for meritorious conduct for as a young man good things were expected of him by his friends. He is still living and it must be a great comfort to him in his old age to reflect on the distinguished and valuable services he has rendered his country.

The following winter the Supreme Court rendered its decision in the case involving the title to the Cherokee neutral lands in favor of the railroads. I think the settlers generally felt that the decision would be against them for many of them sold their improvements and moved away, and most of those remaining contracted their land from the railroad companies.

CHAPTER IX.

Orders came the latter part of March to abandon the camp and I was ordered to accompany the command to Fort Gibson, Indian Territory, and then to report to the commanding officer at Fort Garland, Colorado, for assignment to duty. From Fort Gibson I returned to Camp Limestone for my wife and little girl baby, who was born the previous November. We were furnished tickets by the railroad as far as Kansas City, but when we came to use them we found they had been packed with our baggage and of course had to pay car-fare. We went over the same railroad from Kansas City as the one I had first taken in crossing the plains but in place of stopping in Kansas, is it did then, it had been finished to Denver.

There was a narrow guage road from Denver to Pueblo. Its passenger train was at the depot when ours pulled in and our train stopped beside it. It was quite a curiosity to me. It looked so very small, I thought of it as a toy affair and wondered if we could make any headway on such a thing. I was surprised and much gratified to soon know how much I had miscalculated its merits. It was a long train and went in and out among the canons and around the mountain sides in an amusing way and with surprising speed. Maybe we would look out and see an engine coming down the track across the canon from us and would discover it to be our own engine puttering along as though pleased with its job. We stayed over night at Pueblo and in the morning we found there was an ambulance to take us and Major Hartz over the mountains to Fort Garland. The major had introduced himself the previous night on our arrival from Denver. On the route to Garland we spent the night at the different stage stations and were made fairly comfortable. As we neared the summit of Sangre De Cristo Pass (Blood of Christ) the snow was very deep and soft. We thought it too much of a load for the mules and so the major and I concluded to walk. It was well we did so, for the mules had all they could do to flounder through it. I stood the walking very well but it was laborious work. The major did not fare so well, for as we neared the top, which is about eleven thousand, five hundred feet above sea level, he was spitting blood and having difficulty in breathing. The west side of the range was clear of snow and it was only two or three miles from the summit to Stearn's ranch, where we stayed over night, and by morning although the major had a restless night the hemmorhage had stopped. The following day we drove to Fort Garland only twenty miles away.

Fort Garland is situated at the edge of the foothills just south of old Baldy, one of the highest peaks of the Sangre De Cristo range. It was a pretty location overlooking the Rio Grande valley to the south and west and we were assigned to comfortable quarters.

About the first part of May a troop of cavalry under command of Major Carraher was ordered to establish a camp at the junction of the west fork with the main stream of the Rio Grande, about one hundred miles west and a little north of the post, and I was assigned to duty as surgeon of the command. This camp was established as a base of supplies for government surveyors who were to survey the San Juan Indian reservation. There had been trouble for some years between the Ute Indians and prospectors who had gone into their reservation and located some valuable mines, and warfare between them had resulted in the government buying the land and opening it to settlers, and this survey was to fix the boundaries and divide the land into sections and cross sections so legal title could be given.

The surveyors arrived a few days after we had established camp. A Mr. Prout was in charge of the party and they stayed at camp several days to establish the exact latitude and longitude of the camp as a base from which to make additional surveys. I became very much interested in this work and they explained a good deal of it to me but I was surprised at the time it required and the figuring necessary. I had the pleasure of watching the chronometer and calling time on signal from the observer. The nights were clear and in that rare atmosphere the stars shone with great brilliancy.

An escort accompanied the surveyors in their work, a squad of a half dozen men in command of a noncommissioned officer, generally a sergeant, and each week these were relieved by others and returned to camp. There was practically no need for a surgeon with the camp that summer, the only two cases in the hospital being a man who was blinded by a premature shot in the mines and my pointer dog which I shot on one of my hunting trips.

The country along the Rio Grande was unsettled, there being but one abandoned log-house between Fort Garland and Loma, now called Del Norte, a Mexican village with a good sprinking of American houses, and located at the head of what was called the San Luis valley. The log-house was dignified by the name of Alamoosa and was our camp-ground and half-way place between Fort Garland and our summer camp. The trip was generally made in two days although the distance was nearly one hundred miles. From Loma to the camp, a distance of some fifteen miles, the mountains sloped gradually to the river and there were a few adobe houses occupied by Mexicans. As there was very little to do I spent a good deal of time hunting and fishing. Rainbow trout are very plentiful in the river for here it was a clear rushing mountain stream with deep pools and the water was cold throughout the summer from melting snows. We had fish at all times and cooked in every imaginable way until we were almost sickened at the thought of fish, although they were always pretty to look at. To this day my wife does not want to see or eat fish. All kinds of game were abundant but I never had much success with the larger varieties, I did not understand deer hunting and always managed it the wrong way. I did not know anything about their runways, so still hunting was not practical and in riding over the mountains they saw me before I saw them and that settled the matter. I tried repeatedly to get a shot at an elk that I frequently saw on his favorite grazing ground, a small park a half mile or more away near the top of one of the high points in the mountains, but with all my care, and calculating the direction of the wind, and figuring on the best way of approach, he would always scent the danger while I was making my way through the thicket of aspens that surrounded the park and I could hear the keen whistle-like note and hear him bounding away before I caught sight of him.

On these hunting trips I rode a government mule that General Alexander, the post commander at Fort Garland, had given me for the summer's use, and who spoke of him with great praise as an exceptionally good saddle animal. He was said to be twenty-seven years old, and had formerly been used as a messenger mule between Fort Garland and Taos when the mail was brought to the post from the latter point. I suppose he had been gray at one time but now he was white from age, but had been well cared for and although in fine condition, had been retired from actual service. I found him all that he was recommended to be, and with an additional merit that he was not afraid of a gun. I could fire from the saddle and he would not flinch, and because of this exceptional quality, I had a great deal of sport shooting jack-rabbits. They would jump up and run away fifty or a hundred yards and sit up straight, which is their habit, and I would aim in line and a little below the mark and as the mule would inhale it would raise the muzzle of the rifle and by pulling the trigger at the right moment I was sure to see the rabbit tumble over. I never had much chance from the saddle at larger game. The color of the mule was against it, and I was not a good shot with the rifle at moving objects.

I became much attached to this mule for his exceptionally easy gait and his fine disposition, however, he played me a bad trick one day for which I have since forgiven him because of my own culpable ignorance. It was getting late and I was out of my usual hunting range when I saw an antelope grazing in one of the many beautiful parks to be found in the mountains. There was a small ravine down the center of this park near which I noticed a clump of willows and figured that if I could approach from behind the willows I could get a good shot. My scheme worked all right and I got up within range and fired. To my great surprise I saw the shot take effect on the hillside beyond and had passed over the antelope's shoulders. This was a puzzle to me for I was sure I had taken good aim, and equally sure that I did not have the "buck-ague." The antelope ran away and stopped and looked back at me when I estimated him to be about two hundred and fifty yards away. I made a careful allowance for the distance and fired at the shoulder and at the report of the gun he dropped in his tracks apparently without a struggle. I thought a little strange of this, for I had aimed just back of the shoulders and supposed he would at least make a jump or two and struggle some after falling. Imagine my surprise when I found his neck broken just back of his ears, a purely accidental shot. I went back to my mule, which by the way I had named "Paddy O'Rooney" but always addressed him by his given name, and I thought I would put the antelope on him without dressing it as it was getting late and I wanted to find a trail down to the valley. I found that Paddy had an altogether different view of the matter, for he had no desire to get acquainted with the dead antelope. There was no timber near where I could tie him to a tree, to force him to accept the load and so a bright idea occurred to me. I have done a good many foolish things in my life, but I think nothing quite so idiotic as this. I decided that I would tie the end of the lariat rope to the antelope's hind legs, the other end being fastened around Paddy's nneck and I would then get on the mule and pull the antelope up. This scheme worked pretty well at least part way. I was in the saddle and my gun acrss in front of me and I backed Paddy up toward the antelope, wrapping the lariat around the horn of the saddle as he backed. Paddy would look back and snort a little, but was quite gentle until I attempted to raise the antelope up to me. When Paddy saw it move I believe he thought the thing had come to life and was going to swallow him, for the way he went down the mountain side would have shamed John Gilpin and his foam covered horse. I tried to hold him but I might as well have tried to hold a cyclone. I had been raised on a farm and helped break the young horses to ride and work, and I thought I could hold anything, but I had never been on a scared mule before, and I found I was utterly helpless. My first impulse was to throw away my gun and try to get off and let the mule and the antelope have it out together but the lariat was across my right thigh and I could not get away from it. I believe the thing following him added to his terror, for we went over places I could not have forced him over in his sane condition. I went over the track of our runaway race a few days later and found a ledge of nearly four feet in height that we had gone over, and I really think it would have been the same thing to Paddy if it had been forty feet in place of four. The old saying "All's well that ends well" proved true in this case. The lariat rope slipped around the saddle horn caused by the jerking of the antelope as it bounded along and choked Paddy down just as we got to the edge of the timber. I hurriedly dismounted and loosened the lariat so that he could get his breath and found that he was pretty well tuckered out. I tied him to a tree and then went back to examine my antelope. The hind and fore-quarters were held together by the backbone and a strip of skin along the belly but the ribs and entrails were gone. Fortunately we had stopped near a trail which I knew would lead down to the valley, although I had never been over it before. When I tried to put what was left of the antelope on Paddy's back he again rebelled. I then tied his neck up against a small tree and wrapped the lariat around the tree and his neck until he could not buck, but in his struggles he lost his footing and hung himself. I cut the rope as quickly as I could, and got him on his feet again and gave him a little more freedom the next time and while he protested most vigorously, I finally got my antelope securely fastened in the saddle and led the poor worn-out mule down the trail. It was very dark by this time and we made slow progress but finally reached the valley and I estimated that we were not more than three or four miles from camp. We had only gone a short distance when we met a detachment of cavalry that had been ordered out by Major Carraher in search of me. The major had been over to my tent two or three times and finding I was not there became uneasy, thinking I might have met with some accident, or the Indians might have found me. We arrived in camp about nine or ten o'clock with what was left of the antelope, a very tired hunter and a very tired mule.

The following day I tested my rifle at a mark and found good cause for my wild shooting the previous day. I suppose the front sight had been slightly moved by striking on a tree or something on my trip before I found the antelope. Paddy and I still remained good friends and he took me many pleasant rides through the mountains.

With the latter part of August came the wing-shooting of the dusky grouse (Canace of the Ornothologist) a large slate-colored bird, some larger than our prairie chickens (Cupidonia Cupido). The young birds could then fly strong and afforded great sport. My observation is that it is a very stupid bird. I have seen them sit on the limb of a tree until knocked off after repeated throwing and have seen them sit on the bare ground apparently thinking they were hid, until I have walked up to within ten or fifteen feet of them, before they would take wing. Until well grown I found them most frequently in the open parks where there was a ravine with water and willows and other undergrowth, and more or less grass for cover, but later in the season they took to the large timber. So far as my experience goes they are the best table bird of all the grouse family. The flesh is white and delicious. Their range is as high as timber line in the summer but they go lower as the season advances. There were no quail at this altitude. I think they do not go so high and I saw no other game birds.

There was a bird about camp called the "Nut-cracker" and I believe in some places known as "lark's Crow" (Nussifrage Columbrana) that for a nuisance I believe could not be equalled. In action, in size and something in appearance and rasping voice he much resembled our jays. They were in great numbers about our camp and were impudent fellows and seemed determined to get into everything. Mr. H. W. Henshaw was with us that summer collecting natural history specimens for the Smithsonian Institute. He was quite anxious to find the nest and eggs of this bird. I supposed from their abundance this would be a matter requiring little effort, but I found I was mistaken. I made it my special part that summer to locate a nest of these birds and was constantly on the lookout. I often went out with

Mr. Henshaw in the morning when he would start on his day's round but generally lost out after the first hour. He was an athlete in size and finely proportioned and hardened to the work by constant practice, and could walk the legs off me in an hour's travel. I would then strike out for myself but was always looking for the Nut-cracker and trying to locate his nest. One day I saw him fly away from a hole some fifteen feet up in an old tree stump, the limbs having fallen away. This looked encouraging so I climbed up and found a nest but no eggs. I reported my find to Mr. Henshaw that evening and he was pleased with the prospects and said we would go together in about a week, and by that time we might find eggs in the nest. I had marked the place well and we had no difficulty in finding it. Mr. Henshaw did the climbing this time and thrust his hand in the hole but found no eggs. "Wait a minute though," he said and thrust his hand down in the hole again, but brought it out in a hurry and the blood was dripping from it. He suggested I make a forked stick such as every boy knows who has ever twisted a rabbit out of a stone wall or hollow log, and he twisted the thing out which proved to be a mountain rat, something entirely new to me. It was a rat in every way I had known them but had a bushy tail like a squirrel. We took it to camp with us and the skin went away with his other specimens to the institute. This is commonly called the bushy-tailed rat but is designated Neotoma Cinera Orelestes by the zoologist.

Mr. Henshaw is now chief of the biological survey in the United States Department of Agriculture, to whom I am indebted for many agreeable experiences and for most of my knowledge concerning most of the birds and animals herein mentioned. His contributions to the National Geographical Magazine are particularly interesting and instructive. The rat mentioned is also one of the varieties of what is known as pack-rats. They construct a nest of sticks and other rubbish found in the neighborhood, and if near a house may carry off spoons or knives or anything that attracts their attention. There is a smooth tailed rat belonging to this genius that is very abundant in New Mexico and is apt to leave something in place of the article he carries away, and on that account is often called the swap-rat.

General Alexander and some other officers from the post at Fort Garland came to our camp the latter part of July. Complaint had been made by cattlemen, really some Englishmen by the name of Hamilton, that some of their cattle had been killed and they blamed the escort that accompanies the engineers for their death. Mr. Delaney, who came with the general, and I were detailed to go to Antelope park, where the ranch was located, and investigate the matter. The general and some other officers accompanied us as far as Wagon-wheel Gap and with a small escort we continued on to the park, the general and other officers returning to camp. We found the Hamilton brothers very cordial and hospitable. We talked the business over quite thoroughly and remained until near midnight before returning to our camp a short distance away. The following morning we found a half-inch or more of ice in a cup that had been left with some water in it the night before, rather cool weather I thought for the 30th of July. It was very chilly riding for the first two or three hours in the morning, but the sunshine finally got the better of the cold, and we were comfortable for the balance of the day. We camped at Wagon-wheel Gap the following night and found it an interesting place, although there was but one log building and that unoccupied, in the place.

The river here makes a great circular bend around an almost perpendicular wall of rock that I judged to be about a half-mile high. Across the river from this was a beautiful valley sloping gradually up into the mountains and in it were many hot springs varying in temperature from barely tepid to boiling hot.

The following day brought us back to our summer camp again. Our camp here was beautifully located among the pines and between the camp and bluff there was a pretty little lake which had been made by turning a little mountain stream into the low ground between the camp and the bluff. The officers' tents were in line facing this lake, and at the back ground sloped gradually to the river about a half-mile away. A very interesting 'nature feature" of this camp, was the uniformity with which we got a shower of rain every morning during July and August, and we got into the habit of expecting it at eleven o'clock and were seldom disappointed. One day, August 17th, the water from the cloud in passing over became congealed and formed snow-flakes that for size were really astonishing. I was on my way to Loma on my faithful mule Paddy O'Rooney, and when it came it shut out practically everything from sight, a few yards away, and lasted probably twenty or thirty minutes. About four inches of snow fell in that time, then the sun came out bright and warm, and it seemed to go away almost as fast as it came. On my way back to camp the depressions along the way were flooded and by night only the spots protected by ledges of rock or dense foliage were left. With all these pleasant surroundings, and nothing to do but fish and hunt, life became a little monotonous. I sometimes wonder if people will get tired of golden streets and heavenly music.

The survey being ended we broke camp September 9th and started back to Fort Garland. Mr. Prout and one other engineer, whose name I cannot now recall, accepted commissions in the Egyptian army and a letter received some months later assured me it was not a very comfortable service.

While in this camp my wife and I thought one day it would be fine to take an outing together, so the ambulance was ordered and she and our little baby girl and nurse girl and myself and the driver made up the party. We crossed the west fork of the Rio Grande and went up the valley for some distance. The west fork is smaller than the main stream, with many pools and little rapids and hugs close to the north side of the valley as far as we went. The mountains rose abruptly from the waters and at a great height divided into peaks and spires, pinnacles and dames, in abandoned confusion, that impressed me not only as most remarkable but also the most beautiful.combination of mountain scenery I had ever witnessed. The pools were especially attractive for I had taken my tackle with me, so I left the party in charge of the driver and started out for some good sport. I did not meet with the ready response I expected from the fish, and kept going on up stream trying one pool after another until I was quite out of sight of the ambulance but still kept going, each pool looking more inviting than the one just passed. I finally came to an unusually large pool, deep and wide, and that ran close to the perpendicular bluff on the opposite side. I had made a number of casts when a voice from somewhere called out "What luck?" It might have been from the clouds and I would not have been more surprised, and at first I could not locate it, but looked up and down stream and back over the valley but saw no one. Finally just across from me on a big block of rock that had become detached from the mountainside and in plain view sat a man. His clothing was so near the color of the rock and he sat so stalk still that I would never have discovered him if he had not made the inquiry. Answering I said, "Not very good," but some way I was so startled by that inquiry seemingly coming from the unknown and then finding a real man where of all places I least expected him, that I think I was a little nervous about it, and soon lost interest in fishing and returned to the ambulance. He had evidently been watching me as I was going up stream but made no other effort for closer acquaintance and I left him with that one response, "Not very good."

CHAPTER X.

A few days after returning to Fort Garland I was ordered to report to Major McClave who commanded a troop of cavalry and was camped near the top of Sange De Cristo pass. The nights were cold and the camp was in every way an unpleasant one. We only remained there a few days when we broke camp and went down the Veta pass. The Sangre De Cristo and Veta passes joined just beyond the top of the range on the west side. We camped near La Veta, a Mexican village, the first night. In coming down La Veta pass we had a good view of the Spanish peaks, a name I remembered in connection with my very limited study of geography when a lad, and which for some reason I expected to be grand and commanding. After spending a summer in the mountains and seeing them in all their rugged grandeur, the peaks looked small and their hay-stack tops were disappointing. We went by easy marches until we reached a point on the Purgatory river some forty miles above its mouth where we remained in camp about a month. Our camp here was several thousand feet lower than the one near Sangre de Cristo pass and was in a fine grove of large cotton-wood trees and by comparison was a very comfortable place. The nights were a little cool but the days were delightfully pleasant. The Purgatory valley was practically unsettled in those days except near Trindad, where there were a number of small ranches but I only remember one ranch between our camp and the mouth of the river. While in this camp a wind-storm came up one afternoon and grew in volume as the evening advanced but we felt secure on account of the bluff just across the river to the windward of us. However, I could hear it among the tree tops before dropping to sleep, and I wondered if it could do any arm. When I awoke the next morning the ridge pole of my tent was broken, and the tent crushed in by some great thing extending obliquely upward, and only a few inches above my chest. I hurried outside as quickly as I could and found an immense dead cottonwood tree lying across my tent with the top caught in the forks of another tree few yards away.

I found both Major McClave and Mr. Williams, his lieutenant, very interesting companions. The major had served in the ranks before the war, and had been promoted for bravery and efficiency in the service. He was a thorough soldier, courteous and considerate to everybody, and like all the officers I met from the ranks, was very devoted to his men. Mr. Williams was a West Point graduate and an accomplished gentleman, and I shall always remember my experience with this command with pleasure. Mr. Williams and I had found a fine bathing pool in the river and had frequent occasions to enjoy its chilly but invigorating qualities. One day when in the midst of our bath the bugle call for "boots and saddles" sounded. We hurried from the water, dressed and got to camp in time to find everything ready to move. A messenger had arrived in camp bringing word of an Indian raid and the killing of cattle at some point down the river toward Las Anamis. We kept going until some time after midnight when we were within a few miles of Fort Lyon and from there the major and I took the ambulance and went on into Fort Lyon to report and get such information as we could, and instructions for any further action that was considered necessary. We got back to our camp just at good daylight and found Mr. Williams and the men almost ready for the march. After a hurried breakfast we were soon on the way up the Arkansas Valley. We followed this valley to where Wild Horse creek enters the river, then turned up that creek and marched until near sundown when some cattlemen and rangers met us and reported that the Indians had turned east and would probably cross the Arkansas below Fort Lyon. Right here it is just as well to say that cavalry stand a poor show to overtake a band of Indians if they have a few miles the start. The Indian pony does not eat corn; the cavalry horses must have it or at least some kind of grain. Stop and unsaddle your Indian pony, lariat him out and give him an hour to rest and graze, and he is ready for another jaunt of a half day or more. He is a tough, hardy beast and can be forced to keep going when the cavalry horse will simply quit. We returned slowly to Fort Lyon and reported to the commanding officer for instructions, and were ordered back to Fort Union where Major McClave's troop of cavalry belonged. longed.

There was nothing of special interest on this trip although the night we camped at Dick Wooton's there was a heavy snow and the major spent a good part of the night looking after the comfort of his men and horses. After crossing this spur of the mountains the weather was pleasant and the country free from snow and we reached Fort Union without further incident. I returned by stage to Fort Garland and arrived at that post the forepart of December and was there awaiting orders until the 18th. The weather was cold, Fort Garland being at an altitude of about seven thousand feet above sea level, and it was comfortable to be with my wife and little girl, and in good quarters again.

General Kautz had taken General Alexander's place as post commander, but Dr. Happersett, the post surgeon, and the other officers were the same as when we arrived the preceding April. The social features of the post were charming and I hoped it would be my good fortune to remain there during the winter, but a few days after my arrival orders came for me to report to the commanding officer at Fort Stanton, New Mexico, for duty. We started on December 18th and the thermometer registered eighteen degrees below zero that morning. We were well equipped for the trip, having four mules to the ambulance and a six-mule team and wagon for our baggage. The question may occur to some of my readers how could all your household goods be carried in one wagon? We did not have much to carry, particularly in the way of furniture. The quarters at the different military posts were furnished by the quartermaster with stoves, tables, bedsteads and all kinds of furniture that would be cumbersome to move. We carried folding chairs, carpets, bedding and numerous household necessities and comforts with us, but one wagon was sufficient for this purpose in addition to carrying grain and hay for the mules from one government supply station to another. On most of the routes traveled there were government stations where grain and forage were kept for the animals used in government transportation. We started early, having forty miles to make that day to reach Conejos (Jackrabbit) the first government station on the route. We heated bricks for our feet and by drawing the curtains around the ambulance, it was made quite comfortable. We crossed the Rio Grande on the ice and reached Conejos in the evening and had a very comfortable place for the night. We remained one day at Canejos for supplies of grain and hay for the mules. For the next three days and two nights we were in deep snow all the way, and of course made slow progress, and the escort melted snow for water for ourselves and the animals during this time. We hoped to reach San Juan on the Rio Grande by the end of the third day, but were apprehensive, for we knew we had to cross the Rio Chama, a stream that had acquired an unenviable reputation because of its quicksand. We reached this stream just at dusk of the third day and for the first time in three days saw the friendly lamplights at a Mexican village a short distance above the ford. This was my first acquaintance with quicksand, and I would know better now. We should have unfastened the mules from the wagon, and broken the ice, which was not strong enough to hold them up, and thus made the way clear so we could cross without stopping. To stop is fatal. In place of doing this, we expected the mules to break the ice as they went. About the middle of the stream was a sand-bar only slightly covered with ice and water and the water had been shallow over to this bar, but when the mules came into the deep water beyond, the leaders refused to break the ice, the team stopped, and the wagon gradually settled down until the running gear and bed rested on the sand-bar. I ordered the team unhitched and the ice broken so we could get around with the ambulance, and we made the crossing without difficulty. It was then quite dark and I decided to ask for a volunteer to remain with the wagon and the balance of us would go on to San Juan.

I called the men together, and asked if any one of them would volunteer to stay with the wagon over night. An Irishman stepped out and said, 'Yis Doctor, I will stay with it." It seems to me that in a case like this, or for that matter in any emergency, one can always depend on the Irishman. I knew his habits at the post, for he was in the guardhouse occasionally for drunkenness, so I said to him, "Look here, this is not an easy job. If those Mexicans up there knew this wagon was in here they might give you trouble, and if they found you drunk they would probably kill you and loot the wagon. "Now I am going to leave a bottle of whiskey with you, for it is a very cold night and you will need some before morning, so be careful and do not take too much of it. Get out and walk when you get too cold to sleep but don't get drunk for your life may be in danger if you are not able to take care of yourself." "Yis Sir,, Doctor, I understand that sir, and I will keep sober, sir, and I will take care of the stuff all right, sir." We left him there and the balance of the escort with the six mule team, and my wife and baby and I in the ambulance, started on to San Juan some six miles away. We got off the road as we neared the station, and our ambulance got into an irrigation ditch and turned over on one side, but did no harm and we soon had it right again, and after some trouble in finding a road, finally reaching San Juan about midnight. We had wandered around a good deal in trying to find the road again.

The following day the escort returned to the Rio Grande, and found the Irishman all right and only about half of the whiskey gone. He had fully merited all my confidence. They unloaded the wagon and slid the contents across the river on the ice, and by digging and prying with the tools they had taken from the station, and hitching all ten mules to the wagon, they drew it out the quick-sand and across the river and arrived at the station with everything in good shape about dark that evening. The morning before Christmas my wife and I concluded to ride to Santa Fe about twenty miles away for breakfast. It was a stinging cold morning, and we had to go over a little mountain range on the way, but the roads were hard and smooth as a pavement, and we made the trip at a clipping gait, but were thoroughly chilled by the time we reached Santa Fe. There was no fire in our room and I went to the landlord, Alex McDowell and asked him to send us something to warm us up. In a few minutes a man came in with a tray and glasses and something he called Tom-and-Jerry and hoped we would like it. I think I never tasted anything so delicious, and I believe my wife appreciated it as much as I did, and the effect was marvelous. We were soon warm and comfortable, and by comparison with the experience of the past few days, it seemed a paradise indeed. This was my first acquaintance with Tom-and-Jerry, and while I became better acquainted with these gentlemen afterwards, we were never very cordial friends but I never met them under such favorable conditions as on the morning after that cold ride over the mountains. We did some shopping on the 24th and remained over Christmas at the hotel. The morning after Christmas we again started on our way to Fort Stanton.

CHAPTER XI.

The trip from Santa Fe to Fort Stanton was not an attractive one. There was not much snow and no mountains to cross but the route was uninhabited and dreary, consisting of alternate stretches of timber and alkali lands, until we neared Fort Stanton when the timber improved in quality, and the country generally was more inviting. We reached Fort Stanton on the second of January and were at once assigned to comfortable quarters which we occupied the following day but stayed with a brother officer's family the first night. I found Fort Stanton a very desirable post at which to serve. Major Clendenning was in command and Doctor Fitch was post surgeon until my arrival. The fort and military reservation were beautifully located on what was then the Mescalero Apache reservation in the White mountains, El Capitan being the nearest peak, and on a little stream called Rio Bonito, (pretty little river) and it was an exceptionally pretty stream. Anywhere east it would have been called a creek or branch. It was a mountain stream of clear cold water and the post was supplied with water through a ditch taken out from the river at some distance above the post, and carried to the highest point on the parade ground, and from there distributed each way around the parade ground and then taken to the corral and the stables lower down the valley. In front of each officer's quarters a barrel was sunk in the ditch to a depth where the water would almost reach the top of the staves and the up and down stream sides were cut away as low as the bottom of the ditch, thus allowing the water to pass through freely. Small trout were often dipped up in the water taken from these barrels. Fort Stanton is located at an altitude of a little over six thousand feet and is not only a beautiful location but is a very healthy post. It was abandoned long ago as a military post but is still owned by the government and used as a sanitarium for tuberculosis. I have visited it since it was converted in to a sanitarium, and for cleanliness and general sanitary conditions it did not compare with the post when used for military purposes.

In those days game was plentiful in the mountains and the duck shooting along the pretty little river was exceptionally good.

What was afterwards known as the Lincoln County War was just then in its incipiency. Considerable shooting was done between the cattle and sheep men, and the death of a sheepherder—always a Mexican—or a cattleman, was of frequent occurrence. Word came to the post one evening, that a deputy sheriff had been shot while attempting to settle some difficulty between the cattle and the sheep men, and a surgeon was requested to go to Lincoln, the county seat some ten miles down the valley to see him. Major Clendenning sent for me and explained the matter, but said if he were in my place he would not go, as those Mexicans would just as leave take a shot at me as anybody else. He said, however, that if I decided to go I should have the ambulance and any help I needed. I decided no help was necessary, but took the ambulance and driver and went to Lincoln that night. Mr. Mills, the deputy sheriff who had been shot had a half-brother at the post by the name of Stanley and I had heard the story of one of their shooting experiences when little fellows. They were practising with pistols and had become so expert that one day they tried the experiment of holding something out in one hand for the other to shoot at, but as this was not exciting enough, one of them extended his arm and pointed out his index finger and said to the other: "See, if you can clip the end of that." He clipped a little too much for I had seen Stanley's hand and the finger was off at the first joint from the end. "You fool, you, you took too much. Now give me a chance." The other being willing to play fair, extended his finged the same way and lost the same amount of finger. This was the story, and I was curious to see Mr. Mills hand which I took good care to observe while dressing his wound and found it almost exactly like Stanley's. Mr. Mills' wound was by a shot that entered near the heart, struck a rib and did not enter the plural cavity, but followed the rib around and came out on the back and was not a very serious wound.

The Sutler's store at Fort Stanton was up-stream some distance and just around the point of a little canon that led down to the river. A path from the corner of the parade ground led up to the store but there was only a narrow space between the point of the canon and the ditch that supplied the post with water. There was also a bridge across the ditch at the Sutler's store, for the convenience of getting in and taking out goods. One dark night I had been up to the store and started home, and after going a short distance, I concluded I had crossed the ditch on the bridge, instead of going along the narrow strip between the ditch and canon. To save time and retracing of steps I concluded to jum into the ditch. I knew it was wide and required a good jump but I found that instead of jumping the ditch, I had jumped off the bluff into the canon. Fortunately it had been made a dumping ground for chips and trash from the wood-yard, and I landed on this trash and rolled the balance of the way to the bottom of the canon among the rocks, probably twenty-five or thirty feet. My first thought was that I was seriously hurt, but after groaning a while and finding no bones broken, I got up and felt my way out at the top of the canon near the Sutler's store. I was very sore for a few days but no serious injuries resulted.

In March of this year Captain Fechet (pronounced Fe-sha, accent on the last syllable), with his troop of cavalry, was ordered to go over on the Jornada del Muerto, and try to find a shorter route across that desert from Fort Stanton to Fort Selden, and I was sent along. We took the usual route to Fort McRae, where I again met Dr. Lyons, the post surgeon, whom I had visited at this point when I was post surgeon at Fort Craig in 1869. We found the doctor at dinner when we arrived. The cloth was spread at one end of the table and just beyond the cloth, at the farther end, was a human skull, with the necessary instruments, which the doctor had been dissecting. It struck me as a rather strange mixture of diet and scientific investigation. It is hardly necessary to say that the doctor was not a married man, for no woman would stand for that sort of table decoration, but would probably prefer a bunch of flowers as a center-piece for the table. Some unfortunate had been fished out of the river, and no relations having been found, the body was considered of service for a better knowledge of anatomy.

From Fort McRae we went to the Aleman, or as it was better known, Jack Martin's, where we stayed over night, and from there we went to Fort Selden and remained several days. While there the captain and I made a trip to Las Cruces where we remained over night, and had a very pleasant evening with some Catholic priests, where we were cordially received and entertained. On our return to Fort Selden we again took up the march to Fort Stanton but did not leave the beaten track either going or coming. We had taken some half-dozen Mescalero Apache Indians along with us as guides and scouts, but I could never see that we accomplished anything by the trip, or that we made any effort to do so.

Along about the first of April I received a suit of clothes from Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, that I had ordered the previous September upon my return from the summer camp on the Rio Grande. It had not occurred to me that I might have changed some in physique, but when I got the clothes I found that I could only wear the pants by putting a V-shape in the back of the waistband and I could only wear the vest by inserting pieces below the arm-holes, but the coat was entirely too small to be of any practical service. My experience in the mountains had evidently made quite a different type of man out of me, and I should have had my measure taken again before sending orders to the tailor.

Soon after our return from the trip to find a new route across the Jornada, I received a letter from Doctor Lyons asking me to exchange stations with him. I wrote back that I would make the change if he would make the application, which he did, and orders soon came directing the change. We started from Stanton the latter part of April, with the usual ambulance, and wagon and baggage, and an escort to care for us on the way. Between the White mountains and the lower range to the west is quite a wide valley which is called the Malpais (or bad country) near the center of which is a lava flow a few hundred yards wide. The crater, or peak from which it came is not in the mountain range as one would naturally suppose it to be but stands out near the middle of the valley, maybe ten miles above where we crossed. The outlines of the streams are quite distinct until some distance below, where it is lost in a great white plain of alkali. There had been much work done to make a road across this lava flow passable for vehicles, but it was still very rough when we crossed it, so much so that my wife preferred to walk, and nearly wore her shoe soles out in doing so. When did this lava flow occur? I don't know. Maybe ten thousand years ago, but it looked as though it might have been last week.

There were quite a number of little cone-shaped mounds in this valley, and I examined some of those close to the road. They varied in size, and none that I saw were more than ten or twelve feet in height, and they all had craters, containing blackish looking water. In some of them the water seemed to be higher than the valley in which they were located.

We camped on the second night in the foothills of the San Andres range, and the following evening at the Oho De Anija. These springs were interesting because of the great amount of painted and broken pottery to be found nearby. I think some excavating might bring to light whole pieces of value to the archaeologist. The spring is located only a few miles from Paraja on the Rio Grande, and at the extreme northern limit of the Jornada del Muerto, and the next day we arrived at Fort McRae.

CHAPTER XII.

McRae was a one company post, and located on a little bench of land at the side of the canon that led down to the Rio Grande from the Frau Christobel mountains. There were no square for a parade ground but all buildings faced toward the canon, of which at this point was not abrupt but sloped gradually to the bottom.

The officers' quarters were very comfortable, being built of heavy adobe walls, and covered with dirt, consequently were warm in winter and cool in summer. The rooms were large and had the usual jaspa floors common to the military posts along the Rio Grande. Government blankets are first laid on these floors and over them is laid the carpet and both are nailed down with lath or shingle nails, with leather heads, to hold the carpet in place. There was a fireplace in both living and dining rooms and water was obtained at a spring in the canon, a short distance away. While the quarters were comfortable the outlook and surroundings were anything but attractive. The view from the front porch was of a bleak cactus covered ridge across the canon, and this was limited in extent and back of the post the canon rose abruptly to a great height. Up the canon was the barracks of the men, and farther up was the Sutler's store. Below the officers' quarters, was the quartermaster and commissary storehouses and corrals and stables.

For some time we were quite reconciled to the situation. Both the commanding officer, Captain Farnsworth and his lieutenant, a Mr. Carlton, were bachelors, and were courteous and pleasant gentlemen. They did not remain long, however, after our arrival at the post, but were superseded by Captain Kauffmann and Mr. Fountain, the latter a West Pointer, but Captain Kauffman was raised from the ranks, and to me never seemed to fit the promoted position he held. Mr. Fountain on the contrary, I thought, gave promise of becoming a distinguished officer. Until they came, my wife was the only officer's wife at the post, and with the addition of Mrs. Kauffman it could hardly be considered a great social center. We made the most of it, however, and were fairly well satisfied with our position.

During the early part of the summer we attended an entertainment given by the men at the barracks, and our little girl caught cold. At first we thought it only a temporary illness and that she would soon be better, but in this we were disappointed. She gradually lost appetite and grew weaker and I wrote to Dr. Boughter, post surgeon at Fort Craig, requesting him to come and see her, which he did. We concluded the water at the post was bad for her, as it was strongly impregnated with alkali, and we though it best to take her out to Jack Martin's ranch, where we knew the water was good. Captain Kauffman was very considerate about the proposed change, and we agreed that I should return to the post three times a week to look after any who needed medical attention. This trip could be made in one day on horse-back, the distance for the round trip being about forty miles. We got out there the latter part of July, but within a few days realized more fully the serious nature of our little daughter's illness. Dr. Boughter came from Fort Craig to see her but could give us no encouragement.

The Scotch are a superstitious folk, and up to the age of fourteen I was raised in an atmosphere of superstition. They had signs and omens, and attributed a personality to everything, animate and inanimate. While they denied a belief in spirits and hob-goblins, I am satisfied these things influenced their lives. I remember two old crones at an uncle's, wizened up old maids, that I think were no relation, but just lived there, who used to tell us little ones spook and ghost stories until I was afraid to go to bed in the next room, or out of doors at night. It seemed to be in the blood and Walter Scott's books are full of it. This may explain in a way my hope that something would happen that would bring our little one back to health again. My frequent trips to the post and sitting up at night to give my wife a little rest, which she so sorely needed, together with my anxiety, had probably made me morbid, for one day, August 14th, as I remember, I was on my way to the post. It was a very hot day and the atmosphere was shimmering with radiated heat, and not a living thing was to be seen over that vast, desolate Jornada del Muerto, except maybe a lizard scurrying across the road, and I was half-way or more to the head of that canon in which the post was located, when a little grayish-brown bird suddenly appeared from somewhere, and fluttered over the horses' head just out of reach of my hand. I accepted it at once and without question, as a messenger sent to me, and my anxiety was to interpret its message. I tried to reach it with my hand, but it kept just out of reach, and presently lit in the road in front. I immediately got off my horse, and taking the lariat rope in my hand, walked up to it, but it kept moving out of the way, but only just out of reach. I again got on my horse but had no sooner done so, than it came back again and fluttered over the horse's head. From there it flew to a cactus bush by the roadside, and I got off my horse again and walked up to the bush and took my canteen—no one travels through such a country without a canteen of water—and holding it up over the bush poured out a little stream of water. The bird at once gathered from the leaves, such drops as lodged, and seemed greatly delighted. I then pressed my left hand, back downward, into the sand, and holding the canteen up poured a little stream of water into the palm of my hand. The bird at once left its perch, and flew down and lit near my hand, and after a little debating with herself, hopped up on my hand and drank, and at each swallow would look up at me as if to say, 'Oh, I am so thankful.'" I was greatly comforted and got on my horse again feeling that my hopes would be realized, and that I would find my little child on the road to recovery, upon my return in the evening. I had only gone a short distance when the little bird again flew around in front of me and again fluttered its wings just out of reach of my hand. I got off again and this time did not take the lariat rope down, but merely stepped up by the horse's head, stooped down and pressed my hand in the sand as before, and the bird did not hesitate, but came at once, and stood on many hand and drank the water, and when its thirst was fully satisfied it hopped away, and I got on my horse and went on to the post. When I returned that evening I found our little child no better and she died that night.

A messenger was sent to the post and the ambulance came the following day with a little coffin made at the quartermaster's and the trip back to the post was to us indeed the "Journey of Death." Our home was so desolate that I became more morbid than ever, and was soon taken down with typhoid dysentery, and Dr. Boughter came from the Fort Craig to wait on me. My recovery was very slow and I was indifferent to anything that might happen. My wife at last became discouraged and she and Captain Kauffman talked the situation over, and after consulting Dr. Boughter concluded to have me taken to Fort Craig for treatment. I was not informed of their conclusion, and when they told me the ambulance was at the door, and a bed in it and that I as going to Fort Craig, it did not even interest me. If they had told me I was going to the cemetery I would have been just as well satisfied with the arrangement, although they thought I would be interested because of having been post surgeon there some years before. After I was at Fort Craig a few days, I began to take some interest in life and thought I would like to see what changes had been made, and the more I thought about it, the more interest I took until I finally wanted to see for myself. With this awakening I began to have some appetite for food, and I soon began to gain strength and as I improved I wanted to cross the river and see my old hunting grounds. All these things undoubtedly contributed to my recovery for I soon made rapid progress toward good health again. The doctor had given us his quarters to occupy while there and there were handsomely furnished and we were made most comfortable. It was then the latter part of September and the nights were cool and the days pleasant. We took our meals at the officers' mess and had good things to eat, and I shall always remember how delicious the pigeon squabs were to me. Before returning to Fort McRae the doctor and I planned to hunt across the river. One of the officers had a gun he would loan us, and the doctor said the blacksmith had one, and he had no doubt he would loan it. I preferred going for it myself, as I wanted to see the shop and house close to the bluff where the blacksmith lived. The blacksmith was very well pleased to loan his gun, but said one barrel was loaded, and he shot it off and handed the gun to me, saying, "Now it is all right." It was a muzzle-loader and after wiping it out carefully at the doctor's quarters I found one of the tubes were stopped up. I put a cap on the tube and in place of taking the gun out of doors, or pointing it in the fireplace, I merely turned the muzzle down toward the carpet and pulled the trigger. A report followed that astonished the doctor, my wife and myself, who were all taking interest in the preparation for the hunt. The shot tore through the carpet and into the jaspa floor and sent the plaster flying in all directions, and made a hole in the floor big enough to bury a small-sized dog. Another instance of where the gun that was not loaded, did serious damage, but fortunately no one was hurt.

The post had changed very little since I was there five years before but I took great interest in seeing everything. Doctor Boughter was a bachelor, a man of ability in his profession, an accomplished gentleman, and a friend in our great affliction.

On our return to Fort McRae, while I felt a great repugnance to ever seeing the place again, I was more resigned to what I considered the inevitable that is, that death comes to everybody, is one of nature's laws, and is the culminating process, just as birth is the beginning of life. When we reached the head of the canon leading down to the post I was able to look upon the incident of my experience with the little bird, from a very different point of view.

It was now clear enough to me, that there was nothing miraculous or unnatural about it, but that for some cause it had simply become separated from the flock to which it belonged, for they are generally found in flocks along with cattle. I think it was the female and may have gone to some other bird's nest to deposit its egg, as is its habit, for I had studied it closely while drinking out of my hand, and recognized it as one of the cowbirds or buntings, and I have since been able to identify it as belonging among the blackbirds and orioles or the icteridae of the ornothologist, its special division being Molothrus Aster, a division found in Texas and Southern New Mexico, but I think not much farther north. The sexes are difficult to distinguish at a distance, differing in this respect from their near relatives farther north, where the male is a glossy black with chocolate colored head and neck. Whatever the cause may have been this one was evidently lost, and was famishing for water, and recognized the horse as a friend, and in no way could have considered me in that relation, it came to my hand simply and only as a matter of necessity. It was pleasant to relieve the thirst of the little lost bird, but I shall never again think of it as in any way supernatural.

CHAPTER XIII.

Our quarters were just as we had left them but with the added feeling of desolation, and from that time we frequently discussed the question of leaving the service. It being then well toward winter we deferred it until spring, and we spent the time until then performing our duties in a perfunctory way, and planning and rejecting plans as we made them, being undecided where to locate. I spent a part of the time in hunting with more or less success, but more as a recreation than as a matter of interest. On one of these trips I killed three antelopes with two shots, being the only ones seen that day. I managed to get in good range and when the first one fell the other two ran together and stood looking at the fallen one. They stood so that a shot through the flank of one would hit the other just back f the shoulder. I dressed the first one and got it on the horse and found the second some two hundred yards away, but by the time I had it on the horse it was too dark t otrack the third. Next morning I went out and found only the bones and some pieces of the hide, the wolves having cared for the rest of it. On another occasion I took an orderly with me to care for my horse in case I found occasion to stalk any game, but when we got into a valley which was the customary route for Indians from the White mountains on the east, to the Magdalenas west of the river, some horsemen came in at the head of the valley, and set up a yell and at that distance we took them for Indians and did not wait for a closer acquaintance but made for the post with all possible speed.

My wife visited that winter at Fort Selden with Mrs. Conrad, wife of Lieutenant Conrad, who was quartermaster at Fort Stanton when we were there, and who died at sea on his way back from the Spanish war in Cuba.

We were in the habit at Fort McRae of trading an army ration to which I was entitled, in addition to my pay, to Mexicans for vegetables, eggs, etc., or paying cash as the occasion offered. One day a Mexican brought a grain sack full of onions and we weighed them and found they weighed a little over forty-one pounds. I agreed to pay him four cents a pound, but said to him we will call it forty pounds and allow the balance for the weight of the sack. He could not speak English but I could talk Spanish enough to make him understand and he would nod his head and say "Bueno" (Good) but when I counted out the money he did not seem satisfied. I went over it repeatedly showing it was one dollar and sixty cents and he would nod his head and say 'Bueno" but went away and brought another Mexican with him who understood and talked English, and when he heard the transaction repeated he called his fellow countryman a fool and they walked away together. I counted the onions after they had gone, and there were just twenty-four of them. I like to tell this story to my friends, for while they smile their assent, there is an expression on their faces that it at least suggestive. Two or three of the onions that I measured were over eighteen inches in circumference. These onions were raised in the Rio Grande valley and were as crisp as celery, and comparatively free from the characteristic sting of the ordinary onion. Eggs were fifty cents per dozen and if one did not need any today, they would take them back home, and perhaps bring them tomorrow at the same price, but would not take less. We paid one dollar per pound for butter to Mrs. Jack Martin who sent it to us by the messenger who went there for our mail, and it was very choice butter.

At the Sutler's store one day I was introduced to a Mr. Garcia, a youg man of fine appearance, and who could talk English well, who had returned from the university for his vacation. I found him very interesting and intelligent, and while we were talking, Mr. Ayers, the post trader, brought us some native wine which we sipped while in conversation. He belonged to a wealthy family of Spanish descent and was quite a different type from the ordinary Mexican, and would compare favorably with our average university student. After he had gone Mr. Ayers told me his name in full was "Hasoos Christo Garcia." I spell it this way to give the Spanish pronunciation, and not the Spanish spelling. In the middle name the accent is on the first syllable. In English the name would be Jesus Christ Garcia, and this is not mentioned in this startling way, in any spirit of irreverence, for a name that is held sacred over a great part of the world, but is done for the purpose of showing the difference in the customs of different countries. Jesus Christ is almost as common a given name among the Mexicans as James or John is with us.

While at Fort McRae Mr. Fountain had heard of a beautiful place on the Rio Polomas, a little stream that enters the Rio Grande from the west a few miles below the post, and that he thought might be worth investigating. I agreed to join him and we had a few troopers detached as an escort, and went to see it. On the way we passed through the little Mexican village of Polomas, where a Jew had established a business and who had told Mr. Fountain of the proposed place of visit. He joined us and acted as guide for the trip. On the way while working our way through a thick undergrowth Mr. Fountain and I became separated from the men and came out on a pretty open park of a few acres in extent, about the middle of which was an immense cinnamon bear, apparently waiting to see what caused the disturbance in the brush. On our coming into the open he took to his heels and we followed, the men having joined us, and firing our pistols and shouting, but when my horse caught the scent of the bear, he just stopped and stood there trembling with fright, and all my efforts to make him go by spurring and cuffing him, were unavailing. I could not move him, but sat there and awaited his pleasure. After a bit he began to move cautiously but was much frightened, and I did not join the crowd until they had chased the bear into the rocks at the foot of the canon, and had returned to the place we intended to visit. It was a beautiful place indeed, and a beautiful stream of water came out from the side of the bluff some twenty feet above the valley, and meandered down to the main stream. The valley was not wide but impressed both Mr. Fountain and myself, as a desirable place to establish a ranch, which he was desirous of doing for a brother he wished to set up in business. I agreed to join him in the enterprise, and we sent for a Studebaker wagon and the necessary implements and outfit for starting a ranch. I afterwards disposed of my interest to Mr. Fountain, and have since learned that he had his brother come out, and fitted him up with stock, etc., sufficient for a start, but that the Indians took a part in the affair; destroyed his ranch and killed his cattle. I have since then, often thought of it as a desirable place for a cattle ranch.

In the spring of 1875, there having been no medical examining board ordered, and so far as we knew no prospect of one, we fully decided to try our lives in a different way, and made preparations accordingly. I ordered a metallic casket for the body of our little daughter, believing that the post would soon be abandoned, and we could not bear the idea of leaving her in that wretched place, and the first part of May we packed such household goods as we thought desirable to take with us, only leaving such as I might need after my wife should start, it being by intention to go during the summer or early fall. My wife started about the middle of May and soon afterwards the casket came, and the captain gave me a detail of men to take up the body of our little girl and place it in the quartermaster's storehouse until we should decide where to have it shipped. This we were to do after I should join my wife and decided on a location for a home. My wife had gone to her old friend's home west of Oswego, Kansas, where she had stopped on a previous occasion when we thought of leaving the service. On application, Doctor Lyon returned to his old post at Fort McRae and I went to Stanton in July ad about the first of September together with Mr. Clark, who was going on leave of absence, I proceeded to the end of the railroad at Las Animas, Colorado, and thence to Leavenworth, Kansas, where I reported to the medical director of the department and left the service October 30th, 1875.

Upon my return to Fort Stanton from Fort McRae I found Mr. Stanley, the one who had his finger shot off when a boy, was just able to hobble about again from an experience he had with a cannamon bear. He had gone out to some ranch where they were losing some of their stock, particularly their pigs, by what they thought to be a bear, and Stanley went out to kill it. He was an excellent shot, was fearless and deliberate and found the bear as he expected, but in some unaccountable way which he could not explain, he failed to stop it, and the result was most disastrous to himself. It had torn one side of his face away, and had broken both legs and one arm, before leaving him. They found him the next day and brought him to a hospital and he was able to get around on crutches when I saw him, but would be a cripple for life. The ranchmen went out and finished the bear, but it was found he had nine shots through his body before giving up the fight.

The military reservation at Fort Stanton was the largest of any post at which I served, and is located as before mentioned on what was then known as the Mescalero Apache Indian reservation. These Indians were considered friendly, and so far as I know have remained so, and they are the only tribe of Indians of which I have acquaintance who cremate their dead. I was invited one day to go with the hay contractor, who intended making the rounds of his various hay camps, and on the way we passed through an Indian camp not far from the post at which there was a sick Indian. We stopped to inquire as to his condition. It seems that a day or so before they had gone to the post for medicine, and had said the patient was suffering great pain, and asked for some physic. The post surgeon, a Spaniard by birth, and educated abroad, understood the term physic in its generic sense and not as it is so universally used by us, and had sent him opiates, when a cathartic was probably indicated. When we saw him that day, which we did from our saddles, as we did not dismount, he was greatly swollen up, and when we passed the same neighborhood a few days afterwards, the Indian had died and his tent and all his belongings including a pony to ride, had been burned and the band had moved across the river and established a new camp.

CHAPTER XIV.

(Social Life at the Military Posts.)

The social life at the military posts on the frontier, nearly a half century ago, was necessarily very limited. Except at Fort Sill, I served at no post at which more than two companies of troops comprised the garrison, and even in these cases there was not always the full complement of officers, some probably being on detached service, or maybe on leave of absence. As before remarked, Fort McRae was only a one company post, and at no time were there more than three officers, and there were only two officers' wives. There were no social relations outside of the post, and no effort or disposition to form acquaintances. The nearest military post was fifty or more miles away, and the exception to the usual dull routine of life in such an isolated place, was when some fellow officer happened to come our way, enroute to some other post, maybe for assignment to duty or maybe on detached service. Another exception was when the paymaster made his appearance to pay off the garrison, which he did every two months. These were always enjoyable occasions, and we would sit up late and talk about everything of interest at the different posts, or of what may have been seen or heard on the way. This was the most isolated and desolate of all the posts at which I served. It was about twenty miles from the southern overland stage line, and we had to send a messenger from the post for our mail which we did three times a week. Magazines and such reading matter as could be brought by mail helped cheer our lonely lives, so that taken altogether, it was a good deal better than being in the penitentiary.

At Fort Garland, though only two companies were stationed there during my service at the post, there were about the full complement of officers, several of whom were married, and it proved to be un unusually pleasant place socially. There was no formality, and so far as I know this was true at all the military posts on the frontier, except at Fort Craig where my wife was not with me, but on the contrary there was a feeling of mutual interest and sympathy that made it seem like one family. We would meet at some officer's quarters for dinner or luncheon, and maybe at some other officer's quarters in the evening to play a social game of cards, and the officers' wives would make informal visits with each other and maybe spend an hour or so, very much as if they were sisters.

Fort Sill was one of the largest military posts in the service at that time, and there were twenty or more officers there, probably half of whom were married and had their families with them. It will be readily seen that this made quite a social center.

There were frequent military dances or "hops" as they were called in the service. There were also card parties, not always by invitation, but maybe a half-dozen would be talking together, and would decide to drop into some officer's quarters for a game of cards, others were likely to drop in also, so that sometimes there would be quite a crowd of us together to spend the evening. I thought the informality of these meetings added very much to their charm.

There was a good library at this post which was liberally patronized by the officers and their families, and also by the enlisted men.

A jockey club was formed among the officers and a race-course laid out on the flat south of the post, and race meetings were held on Saturday afternoons, which afforded a great deal of pleasure and amusement. In one of these races which was to take place in the course of a month, it was agreed that each officer should ride his own horse. The difference in the weight of the riders it was thought, would be an important factor in determining the results. Major Van de Weyle weighed one hundred and ninety pounds while Mr. Lebo weighed only one hundred and fifteen pounds. They all had good horses and the race was looked forward to with great interest. The major was jollied a good deal about his weight, but he insisted that he would be able to train down, and he would show them what his horse, which was a fine one, could do. The race-course was a mile in length and it was supposed the heavyweights would stand no show, but Captain Walsh, who weighed one hundred and sixty-five pounds, won the race and Major Van de Weyle, who had increased six pounds in weight, came in fourth, in a bunch of seven, who started in the race.

In addition to the social life at the post, the fishing and hunting were good for those of us who cared to indulge in that kind of sport. Both Medicine Bluff and Cache creeks were fine fishing streams, and I found congenial company in one or two of the officers who enjoyed the fishing as much as I did myself. Among those most pleasantly remembered, was a Mr. Pratt, a lieutenant in one of the cavalry companies at the post He was an expert fisherman and a cordial good fellow and I have always thought of our fishing trips with pleasure.

After we left Fort Sill he was detached from his command and put in charge of the educational interests of the Indians.

He became a distinguished officer in this work. When still a lieutenant he established the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa., a well known industrial school, in 1879, and was superintendent until 1904. In 1916, when my wife and I were on our golden wedding trip we met him again at Nye Beach, Oregon, and were pleased to renew our acquaintance after more than forty-five years.

His distinguished services raised him to the rank of brigadier general, and he is now on the retired list of the army.

At Camp Limestone there were three officers and two officers' wives. We had acquaintances at Fort Scott and Girard, who either visited us or made the customary calls. These, with the officers and others who came in the shooting season, made up the social features of the camp.

In those days drinking was far more prevalent, both in the army and out of it, than it is today. I think none but the old people of today can have the correct "view-point" of the difference in which the use of alcoholic beverages was considered fifty years ago and now. At that time it was not considered harmful, but rather commendable, if not taken to excess, as a means of promoting social intercourse, and except at Fort Sill it was to be had at all the post trader's stores at the military posts on the frontier, and at most of them it was on the sideboard or on the mantle over the fire-place, in the officers' billiard room free to those who cared to use it. Of course, even in those days, there were those who talked very energetically if not violently against the use of it and some preachers would even tell you you would go to hell if you drank it. But people don't scare easily, and you would maybe think about it and take another drink, concluding that maybe there is no hell, or if there is you won't go there, or maybe the preacher didn't know anything about it anyway. Since then the scientific medical man has come to the front. He does not try to scare you, but he has some scientific facts which he has fully proven, and tells you about them, among these are: it promotes hardening of the arteries (Arterio Sclerosis); it produces fatty degeneration and other diseases of the liver; it impairs digestion; it interferes with the assimilation of food; it impairs heart acton, and has many other injurious effects on the system, such as preparing it for fatal results in pneumonia and most of the acute inflammatory diseases.

He appeals to your reason in place of to your fears, and you are bound to take notice. The result is a vast difference in public opinion regarding its use then and now.

In the army it was used almost exclusively in a social way. There were occasional excesses, but these were not of frequent occurrence and there was one restraining influence; the fear of court-martial.

It will be readily understood that there were so-called "black sheep" in the army as well as in the churches, and in the fraternal orders. In the army, however, there was no hesitancy in getting rid of them, a thing I have seldom known to be done either in the churches or in the fraternal orders, and this was by means of court-martial. No matter what the specific charges may have been, there is generally, if not always added this one: "Conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman." This it will be readily seen covers a wide range, and permits thorough investigation of character and the very terms of this charge indicates not only the high character that is expected, but that is demanded of an officer in the service.

I had been in the army nearly seven years with no chance for promotion, and while feeling some doubt as to my success in private life we felt it to be the best thing to leave the service. We decided to live at Girard, Kansas, and came to this place in November of that year.

Two things have particularly impressed me, in looking back over the nearly half century since I entered the service—one is the amazing development of the west, and the other is the wonderful evolution in the practice of medicine and surgery. As an example of the first, take Kansas—not because it is Kansas, but because it is typical of the great west. Population in 1870, 364,399; in 1914, 1,677,106. Wheat crop in 1871, 4,614,924 bushels; in 1914, 180,925,885 bushels. And other crops in proportion. The western half of the state was then practically uninhabited. Today it is the great wheat belt of the country.

When I entered the service people died wholesale from diptheria, typhoid fever and inflammation of the bowels. Bacteriology, the great searchlight of medicine, as we have it today, was then practically unknown. Today we innoculate against typhoid fever and are immune. Today we operate for appendicitis and inflammation of the bowels practically disappears from our list of diseases. Today we give antitoxin and the child's life is saved. We used to expect pus after a surgical operation and were disappointed if we did not get a so-called "healthy pus." Today the surgeon would be ashamed of it.

Both before leaving the army and since, I have had people refer to our army officers and their families, with some degree of aspersion, saying they were too proud and would not speak to common folk; that they were aristocrats, and much other nonsense. Possibly their isolated condition when I was in the service, gave some color to such accusations, but as far as I can estimate them, if they are an aristocracy, it is an aristocracy of merit; of intellect; of honor; of integrity; of loyalty; of a strong sense of duty and many other worthy qualities that mark them as distinguished from any other kind of aristocracy we have in this country, and I think particularly from our so-called aristocracy of wealth, so often associated with snobbery, and whose daughters so often present the nauseating spectacle, of trading themselves off to some degenerate and profligate descendant of inherited title and giving a million to boot.

Just now, 1918, we hear a great deal about the army and the necessity of increasing its numbers, and much about its officers, but do we ever hear anything about the officers' wives? They may not be of great importance now, but how was it forty or fifty years ago? At that time the great western half of our country was practically unsettled. There were few railroads, and no transcontinental line until 1869. Denver and Santa Fe were considered mere trading posts. There were only two overland stage lines and no settlements of consequence. The military posts were scattered over this vast region, separated from each other by many miles of distance and the ever present danger of attack from Indians. How about the wives of the army officers of that day, who shared with their husbands the dangers and hardships of frontier life? I wish here to pay my tribute to one who shared with me all of the sorrows, and most of the hardships herein related, and many others not considered of sufficient importance to mention. One who seldom complained; whose courage never faltered; whose abiding faith often prompted her to say, "It will all come out for the best in the end."

Thus, we have traveled along life's pathway, with its joys and sorrows, until now we realize that we have crossed the divide, and are going down the western slope. The shadows are growing longer, the valley is not far distant, night is coming on, it will soon be taps and the lights will go out.